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T H E
WORLD IN A VILLAGE;
A C O M E D Y,
IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

51 *J.H.* AT THE *Bury*
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY
JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Tony Lumpkin in Town; the Son-in-Law; the Dead Alive;
Agreeable Surprize; Castle of Andalusia; Fontainebleau, or
Our Way in France; The Positive Man; The Poor Soldier;
Love in a Camp, or Patrick in Prussia; The Farmer; The
Young Quaker; Beggar on Horseback; Peeping Tom; The
Prisoner at Large; The Toy, or Hampton-Court Frolics;
Wild Oats, or the Strolling Gentlemen; Little Hunchback;
The Siege of Curzola; Modern Antiques, or the Merry
Mourners; The Highland Reel; Birth-day, or Prince of
Arragon; Sprigs of Laurel; The London Hermit, or Ram-
blers in Dorsetshire; &c. &c.

D U B L I N:

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J. RICE, and J. MILLIKEN.

1794.



PROLOGUE.

Written by MR. TAYLOR.

Spoken by MR. HOLMAN.

IN these dread times, when WAR's unfated rage
Crowds with disasters LIFE's eventful stage,
When the full trumpet and embattled ire
Drown the soft warblings of the slighted Lyre,
The MUSES' lonely haunts no more display,
Among their with'ring blooms, the POET'S BAY
The partial soil, THE LAUREL only rears,
For martial wreaths, that *vegetate in tears*.
At such a time, superfluous seems the art,
To melt with fabled woes the fadden'd heart;
The sorrowing MUSES need themselves relief,
And FANCY droops in sympathetic grief.
The TRAGIC MAID, indeed, may sooth her care,
And future scenes from passing ills prepare;
But for the LAUGHING NYMPH, alas! can she
At ease presume with her untimely glee!
Is there a place, amidst the world's alarms,
In safety still to heed her frolic charms?
Yes—in the shades of BRITAIN's happy Isle,
Still may the COMIC MUSE securely smile;
Still with her tuneful Sisters shelter here,
Nor savage ANARCHY's vain menace fear!
Here no DIRE RUFFIANS, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life destroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling o'er THRONES, to crush the HALLOW'D
SHRINE!

No DESPOT here exacts a slavish awe,
The casual impulse of his passions LAW.
Here on a rock, secure amid the storm,
Dwells LIBERTY, in fair monarchic form.
Around her FAME, with venerable grace,
THREE MATCHLESS COLUMNS, fortify the place:
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful JUSTICE, in majestic state,
Of EQUAL LAWS the animating soul,
And station'd HIGHEST, to survey THE WHOLE;
Her SWORD by MERCY check'd, as urg'd by MIGHT;
Her CROWN the SANCTION of a PEOPLE'S RIGHT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Check	—	Mr. POWELL.
Captain Mullinahack	—	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
William Bellevue	—	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Charles	—	Mr. HOLMAN.
Captain Vapfluifen	—	Mr. CUBITT.
Willows	—	Mr. HULL.
Hedgeworth	—	Mr. EVATT.
Briers	—	Mr. M'CREADY.
Allbut	—	Mr. QUICK.
Master Jack	—	Mr. FAWCETT.
Grigsby	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Jollyboy	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
Edward Bellevue	—	Miss SYMONDS.
Louisa	—	Mrs. ESTEN.
Mrs. Bellevue	—	Mrs. FAWCET.
Mrs. Allbut	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Maria	—	Mrs. MOUNTAIN
Margery	—	Mrs. PLATT.

SCENE, a Village about fifteen Miles from London.

T H E

WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A neat Parlour. Margery discovered adjusting it and singing.

Enter Jollyboy.

A H, dame! so that Miss Louisa's room is dizen'd out, all the rest of the house may go at sixes and sevens!

Marg. Husband! How crusty you've got with our lodger Miss Louisa, only because she's a lady, and you think she has a deal of money.

Joll. Why to be sure her money did not do much mischief when it bought tidy warm cloathing for half the poor of our village, and the setting up the little school and paying you for teaching the children, as our rascally rich folks here refused to establish one; our gentry expect forsooth, 'cause I'm a miller, think I must cringe and sneak; but I'll never bow to the golden calf! People to get money stick at no villany or meanness, and then they're as saucy—Dame, I've been round the customers to gather in rent for my landlord Master Allbut. *Here.* *(Taken out a bank-note.)*

Marg. Ten pounds! I suppose its having so much money that's made you so laucy this morning.

Joll. Ecod, wife, I believe so. As I come up street cou'dn't tell what was the matter with me: met honest Dick the cobbler—came out with his “good morrow, Master Jollyboy.” I felt a sort of a—thought he might as well have said nothing. Tom the farrier gave me a friendly smack o' th' shoulder; I had a mind to knock him down for his joke: then, now, coming into my own house, forgot to stoop, and bump'd my forehead against the top o' the door-case. Oh, ho! then it's the cash has done all this! I wish 'twas gone, for while I have it I feel I shall be as impudent as the devil.

Marg. Madam Louisa, (*looking out.*)

Joll. Doctor Grigsby with her! Tho' he's now our apothecary, and sets up also to be a wine-merchant, the lady wou'dn't be so proud of his company, did she know he was once our barber.

Marg. Be quiet, husband. Doctor Grigsby is a fine man!

Joll. What, because when you were sick his bottles came in packets, till I tasted, and found all the while the doctor had been supplying you with cherry-brandy.

Enter Louisa.

Louisa. Well, my kind good friend, (*looking about.*) Why how very handsome you've made my room look! how much I'm oblig'd to you.

Joll. Dr. Grigsby! I wou'dn't let him cure my cat of a tooth-ache. The fellow has made money out of people's folly, and now don't know how to behave himself.

Marg. I wish you'd learn how to behave yourself; strutting about with your hat on, and a lady in the room.

Joll. I know nothing about ladies or gentlemen. That fellow was a good barber till money spoiled him

him—my hat! (*takes it off*), my hat's here—and now it's there, (*puts it on*.) What signifies where a man's hat is? Hats and heads—ladies—gentlemen—good as another—hem! (*struts off muttering.*)

Marg. Plague take you for a fool!—as good-natur'd a man as ever broke bread, but when he gets these fancies in his noddle.

Louisa. Where there is real worth these little oddities of humour rather excite pleasantry than resentment.

Marg. Od, I'll give it him!

Louisa. Never mind now, my kind Margery—I'm sorry I must leave you.

Marg. Leave us! Well, if I didn't expect my silly husband's behaviour wou'd bring it to this.

Louisa. Hush! your husband has nothing to do in it:—I'm certain I can confide in you;—you know little of me;—I'm a stranger;—but I'll not trouble you with more of my affairs than just necessary. You doubtless concluded from the trifling sums I expended on my first coming here into your village, that I must of course be some very rich body or other.

Marg. La, Ma'am, I didn't expect you for that!

Louisa. I believe it. From certain family circumstances, immaterial to any but myself, I have been obliged to—however, you know I came from Ireland—have been in France, and—I am unfortunately not on the best terms with my friends, till a make-up can be brought about to my wish. Not being over strong in purse, I plann'd a frugal retirement; the variety of calls upon the feelings of my heart have at length exhausted my little finance; therefore—but mind, I'm not cast down—no, I'm as happy——

Marg. Dear, I'm so sorry——

Louisa. Come, if you go to pity me I shall be very much affronted.

Marg. I affront you!

Louisa. Lord! I never was more gay or cheerful in my whole life: but I'll tell you—You know, you and your husband are very honest people; and get nothing but what you hardly earn; now, why should I from my extravagance become a burden to you?

Marg. Extravagance! 'twas your charity—burden! your stay will be a blessing to us—pay us when you can, or never (*weeping.*) Oh, my sweet lady!

Louisa. Come, perhaps I mayn't leave your village. But yet, better some strange place—tho' who here knows me—(*aside.*) Margery, I've convey'd a thought to stay among you without inconvenience to any one; I think I cou'd be useful to your Mistress Allbut, here. From her character of a passion for literary amusements, she might, perhaps, afford me a situation to read, or translate French; transcribe her poetry, for I am told she has wrote a number of pretty things; or cou'd, upon occasion, dress up a cap for her—eh, Margery, cou'd you recommend me? You know you told me she sometimes reads her poems to you.

Marg. Eh—Well, I'll call on her, my lady.

Louisa. Come, none of your lady's to me—I must soon unlady myself. Upon my honour I shall be exceeding angry if you are not even merry. There now, that's a dear good woman, (*shakes hands cordially, and goes to a chest of drawers.*)

Re-enter Jollyboy.

Joll. Wife, if 'Squire Allbut's corn comes, tell 'em it must wait; for I've got first a bushel to grind for old Budget the tinker.

Marg. Don't talk to me.

Joll. Eh!—What have you found a pot of gold under an old wall?

Marg. Ah, husband! this dear young lady our lodger—

Joll.

Joll. Ay, well.

Marg. Her distress!

Joll. Well, if she's distress'd about any one's poverty, her hand knows the way to her pocket; a road it has so often gone upon like occasions.

Marg. Ay, but I may as well put my hand into my pocket.

Joll. Dence o' your riddles—What's the matter with you and she?

Marg. I tell you at last, she herself is really distress'd, and won't stay because she can't pay us.

[*Exit melancholy.*]

Joll. Distress'd! Oh, dear!—one that was so ready to relieve every body else, now to want it herself. (*Louisa advances, Jollyboy takes off his hat with great respect.*) Madam, I'm sure I'm vastly concerned that any past conduct of mine shou'd have given you the least uneasiness. You've done us too much honour in coming under our roof; and if any improper freedoms of ours have given you offence, you have only to blame your own condescension. Madam, we are but ignorant people, and if we have fail'd in our respect, I humbly crave your pardon.

Louisa. Then Margery has told him. This is an attempt at irony—Become the subject of ridicule! I thought I could endure poverty, but I was wrong—(*aside.*) Sir, it's not immediately in my power to discharge what I already owe you; but hope soon; for I can assure you it wou'd give me infinite pleasure.

Joll. Wou'd it? then—tho' I go to jail for my own rent—(*aside.*) True, I forgot—Ma'am, this was left for you just now; 'twas inclos'd in a paper—thought at first 'twas for myself, so broke it open—I beg pardon—tho' there was nothing written in't.

Louisa. Ten pounds! Who left it?

Joll. I did ask, but can't find who.

Louisa. Then my circumstances are known! Is there such benevolence? However, how to appropriate

priate this doesn't want a consideration. Pray let me know what I'm indebted to you.

Joll. Oh, Madam.

Louisa. I request—

Joll. Well, Madam, since here now have I given what I had to pay my own rent; 'twill grind my heart to apologise to Landlord Allbut—but I've set her heart at ease, and that's good amends.

Grig. (*without.*) No: I want my chay; so put that hamper of wine, and take the med'cines round in the little cart.

Joll. Madam, now you should look above this Master Grigby—you don't know him—a fellow taken from sitting with numb'd fingers, wig-weaving, into a doctor's service, to brush his coat and frizzle his pate, picking up hard words from the apothecary's boys, marrying the housekeeper,—throwing her purloinings into a brandy vault, and drug-shop (she poisoned herself in one of them,) and now, by jargon, smiles, lies, and cringes, has glided into the good graces of every family in the village—Oh, he's not dressed in his physical pomp! When he wants to shew his consequence, pops himself into one of the famous fine velvet and gold suits left him by his old master the physician.

Marg. (*without.*) Indeed, Doctor—

Grig. (*without.*) But I will visit my patient.

Joll. Ay, now for Dr. Grigby's chairing! 'Till he's gone, we may put our tongues in our pockets. Zounds, I wish I cou'd shut my ears in my tobacco-box.

Marg. (*without.*) I tell you, Doctor, Miss Louisa is not in the humour for jaunting—

Enter Grigby, and Margery surrangling, and Boy.

Grig. Teach me humours, defluxions, catarrhs, and cataplasms!

Boy. But, Sir, hadn't you best come back to shop.

Grig.

Grig. Shop! Get home, you dog, and mix up that stuff.

Boy. But, Sir, I forgot what I was to put in it.

Grig. A table spoonful of any four bottles behind the counter.

Boy. But, Sir, there's Humphrey the wheelwright stops for you to bleed him.

Grig. Sirrah! My compliments, and I'll wait on his Lordship. [*Exit Boy.*] Hem! Duke Humphrey!—But the ladies must always have the preference.

Louisa. Sir, (*curtseying.*) Teazing man! I wish he'd go away, (*apart to Margery.*)

Marg. Doctor, the lady wishes you'd—

Louisa. Hush!

Grig. My dear Madam, never deceive your doctor—but that is impossible.

Louisa. For me to think of attempting a deception!—Upon my word, Doctor, you have the happiest mode of compliment.—

Grig. Yes, Ma'am, the compliment I put in that mixture was two grains, or, as we of the faculty write in our Latin proscriptions, *dux graniorum*, six scruples, or *caterisrupolibus*; and, Madam, I'll venture to affirm, that the whole material medicar does not furnish a cure of more efficacious efficacy, that is, when we talk of a case, razor-case—hem! I mean the soul case; the body being the case of the soul, as a bottle is of a bottle of old port; the wine being the spirit; and so we doctors wax the cork to prevent evaporation or fomentation; just as if a gentleman, to shave his chin, would lather his occipit; that is, what we of the faculty call the whole healing art—scammony, wild poppy, the sublimate of styptic water, anthelmintic wine, *hiera picra*, and the nervous system.

Louisa. Sir, you've certainly a prodigious deal of skill; but nature prevents me from opportunities of putting it in practice.

Grig.

Grig. True, Miss, I have an immense deal of practice—so much—the fatigue—knocked up at all hours!

Marg. Ah, Doctor, you're such a fine midwife, 'twould comfort one's heart to be your customer; and so I told my husband t'other night!

Grig. I'm capital in the obstetric art and——

Louisa. Sir, now pray excuse me, I'm a little indisposed, and company is——

Grig. If indisposed, Madam, what's better company than your doctor? For in your case, as we of the faculty say, no aliment so mucilaginous as sheep's head broth: some prefer buttermilk, and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon;—for, Madam, when the disease proceeds from a viscid pituitous substance obstructing the vessels of the lungs, we of the faculty call it a spurious peripneumony; therefore ripe fruits roasted, bak'd, or boil'd, such as green-goose, young parsneps, extract of saturn,—then we throw in the bark, and that is, my dear Madam, the—the—nervous system.

Marg. But, Doctor, Miss Louisa wants a little rest.

Grig. Ha, ha, ha! that's very well—then I know nothing of what a lady wants. I see she likes me by her wishes to turn me out. (*Aside.*)——But, Madam, to promote an emulsive dormitory, or, as Celsus says, a nice bit of sleep or rest, nothing equal to a simple goss lettice.

Louisa. Thank ye, Doctor; but I don't need soporifics.

Grig. Soap! Dem this barber! how all my patients will be slapping suds in my teeth—but she must be some great heiress here incog. by her having dispersed so much money through the village,

(*aside.*)

Louisa. Sir, I wish you a good morning.

Grig. Rest! the nurse of disease! You see, as a doctor, I speak against my own interest. Nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the

the animal functions when the caninus rabies, or dog-madness, which we of the faculty call vertigo of the foot, comes—the—the—and that is, Madam, the nervous system. Do me the honour of taking an airing in my chaise; you may trust to my whip-hand,—steady as if touching a vein—I'll drive you—

Joll. No: but I'll drive you out of my house, if you stay to—Don't you see that you've already bother'd the lady with your damn'd nonsense?

Grig. I've what? Oh, this is pretty! What's that you said I did to her?

Joll. Poh! go along.

Grig. Go along! Very well, that! Do you know, man, when you talk to a physician—Madam, my chaise is at the door—permit me the honour of whipping you round the circuitous circle in the grand tour of Esher, Weston Green, Molesey, Hampton Court, Bushy Park, and Ditton Marsh—the sight of so fine a dress'd lady as you sitting by my side—no other barber—hem! wine-merchant—physician—

Louisa. Doctor, your politeness comes particularly acceptable, for I should like a little excursion, and I assure you my purse now cannot afford the expence of post-chaises—Well, Margery, you'll speak—Come, Doctor, now for your whip-hand.

Grig. Afford! Expence! Any thing broke?

(apart to Margery.)

Marg. Ah, we are all broke! our hearts are broke!

Grig. Eh! All her flash end in smoke! Oh, ho!

(aside.)

Louisa. Come, Doctor, you shall set me down at Mr. Allbut's.

Grig. Eh! Mem! Your bill did you say? We never commit such trifles to book—carry it in my head—"For best frontignac—hem! raisin wine *(aside,)* lavender water, low de lucy, and magnesi-fiar hqlbar"—You are indebted to me the sum of three

three pounds three shillings and three pence three farthings.

Louisa. But, Sir, the jaunt.

Grig. It rains, Mem—no head to my chaise.—
Margery, hav'n't you, as we of the faculty say—
A miller should always have a parvisol to keep off
the rain, (*puts on his hat, whistles, and walks about
cracking his whip.*)

Joll. (*staring*). Eh!

Grig. (*cracking his whip.*) All good for the ner-
vous system! Mem, I'm making up some money,
and if you can oblige me by discharging that
trifle—

Louisa. Then better remain in my landlord's debt
than—This wretch—(*aside*)—there, Sir, take your
bill out of that—(*gives the bank-note to Grigby.*)

Grig. Yes, Mem: I'll bring you the change in a
frizzling of a toopee; but I'll advise you, Madam,
to exercise. Miller, put up a swing in your garden
between two cherry-trees—swing, Mem—nothing
but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen
the animal functions—swing! Rest is the nurse of
disease—you see, as a doctor, I speak against my
own interest. In your case, Madam, nothing so
mucilaginous as sheep's head broth—then we throw
in the bark, and—from ten pounds deduct three
pounds three shillings and three pence three far-
things, and that is what we call the—nervous sys-
tem— [Exit.]

Joll. Carried off my bank-note!—Holla, ner-
vous system! (*Runs off after him.*)

Louisa. Come now with me to Mrs. Allbut's.

Marg. Ah, I'm sure you'll not like her. A
deuced temper!

Louisa. I understand that Mrs. Allbut is haughty
and over-bearing—that Mr. Allbut, puffed up with
the pride of riches, is the great despot of the vil-
lage—that all their wealth really belongs to a poor
widow, Mrs. Bellevue, that lives in the cottage by
the warren yonder; but if Mrs. Allbut is so proud,
I must

I must only temporize into humility: Doctor Grigsby's behaviour has convinced me that I shou'd use every exertion to keep myself above pecuniary obligations. A pity it is not so! but, when destitute of particular defence and protection, the world shou'd be guardians to a lone and helpless woman. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Chamber in Allbut's House.

Enter Willows and Maria.

Will. There, the instrument's open. (*Points to a piano forte.*)

Maria. But Mr. and Mrs. Allbut may return, and if she finds me at it—

Will. My dear child, if you don't practise you'll lose your music; and that will be a pity, Maria, considering the proficiency you made in it.

Maria. Ah, father! my attempt now to retain any elegant accomplishment is but vanity. What might have been receiv'd with indulgence when we were in easy circumstances, in our present humble situation at best will be overlooked, or, most likely, made the object of ridicule.

Will. Why, indeed, my Love, this reverse of fortune comes with a double severity, when it subjects us to the insults of this purse-proud, mean, and illiberal Mr. and Mrs. Allbut. Come, my dear,—there, if your lady shou'd hear you, I don't think she can be offended.—Since I am Mr. Allbut's clerk, I must to my business in the counting-house. [Exit.]

Maria. I have little heart: but, as my father thinks it an object, I will practise.

(*Maria sits and plays.*)

Maria. Oh, Master Jack!

Mass. J.

Maft. J. Play on, Molly : I love it, fal, la,
(*sings out of tune.*)

Maria. If your Mamma fhould come in and hear me ?

Maft. J. Never mind : ſhe'll think it's I.
(*Maria plays.*)

Maft. J. (interrupting.) Molly, do you know ; I wifh Mamma wou'dn't be writing her poetries— ſhe troubles the houſe with them. Come, do play to oblige me.

Maria. Now, I recollect, I've no-reason to oblige you, Maſter Jack ; how could you go to turn that poor woman and children from the door yeſterday, when I deſired her to wait while I ſtept in to bring her ſomething.

Maft. J. Why 'twas Mamma herſelf. She was reading in the front parlour that poem about humanity, and juſt as her heart and her eyes were melting with the tender pathos of ſorrow, (as ſhe calls it,) the poor hungry brats ſet up ſuch a piping—ſo diſcompoſed Mamma's fine nerves, already unſtrung by pity, that ſhe flew out like an angry turkey, and drove the mother and her infants all out of the court-yard. Do play. (*Maria plays, Maſter Jack interrupting.*) Molly ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Don't you think Mamma very filly, to go and ſet Papa too at making poetſies, and now he begins to trouble the houſe.

Maria. True, and all his idea of poetry is making a jingle of rhyme, no matter for meaſure, time, place, or reaſon,—but if you will hear me play now, hold your tongue. [*Plays.*]

Enter Mrs. Allbut, reading.

Mrs. A. My ſervant maid at my inſtrument.

Maft. J. What a pretty hornpipe !

Maria. You've an excellent ear !

Maft. J. Yes : I've a fine ear for hearing.

Mrs. A. And feeling ! (*pulls him, Maria ſtarts up.*)

Maft. J. Now Mama, what's that for ?

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Oh! enchanting powers of poetry,

[*reading.*

"Sigh to the silent streams that softly seek the
seas,

"Mar the meek murm'ring melodies that mark
the marine breeze."

You vile jade!

Maft. J. Molly play on—Mamma, Poll plays better nor you,—she tickles it so lightly with her little finger; but you thump it down with your fists as if you were breaking biscuits—then she sits so quiet—sit Molly—and here, Mamma, you go wagging your head about like an artichoke, (*sits down and mimicks extravagantly.*)

Mrs. A. (*curtseys to Maria.*) Oh, do pray, Miss; oblige us with a canzonet, (*ironical.*)

Maft. J. Molly made this song herself; I know she did.

Mrs. A. Writes poetry! Here's a saucy flut! (*aside*)—What my Ariosto! Heavens! if she hasn't been pulling my books out of my study—Perhaps we've a Sappho in the house and don't know it!—I dare say you have the assurance to be full of tender sentiment and sensibility.

Maria. No, Ma'm;—you can't think I've any feeling.

Mrs. A. Upon my honor she fancies herself a young lady!

Maft. J. Well, Mamma, all the village calls her Miss Maria.

Mrs. A. Miss! ha! ha! ha!—Oh! I shall faint—the Maria!—Hadn't you better at once call yourself Laura Maria? there's my son that will have a tolerable fortune, he's call'd by every body plain Jack.

Maft. J. By'r leave, Mamma,—even Dr. Grigsby calls me Master Jack.

Maria. Ma'm, it's a matter of indifference to me, what I am called.

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Very true! "That we call a rose, by any other name wou'd smell as sweet."

Maft. J. Aye: Mamma.—Molly's cheek colours like a rose—but you blush like a red cabbage.

Mrs. A. Then, Miss, cou'd your humility—sweet rose—fragrant flower, condescend to dust out my dressing-room?

Maft. J. Now, Mamma, will you ha' done? you've made Papa too as bad as yourself, and now there's no speaking a word before him but he comes out with a rhyme to't.

All. (*without.*) I'm just in time to't. [*Enters.*

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, is this a time for your folly?

All. I'll leave it to Polly.

Mrs. A. Oh, very well, Sir; but I assure you you sha'n't go to London again in haste without me—A pack of your wits and geniusses cou'dn't take you to one of their clubs.

All. The Namby-pampy club.

Mrs. A. And only one night—but you bring home such a parcel of stuff, and wherret every body with your rhymes and your rubbish!

All. Yes! but when my head is stuck up in poet's corner, there will be rubbish!

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, you're a brewer; mind your malt and your hops.

All. Oh! you unreasonable woman! when it was you that set me on, and made me even lay out six shillings at the stall at the corner of Chancery-lane, for Bushe's Art of Poetry, and only to get myself ready at versifications.

Mrs. A. Yes! but, Mr. Allbut, having travell'd all over Italy in the first circles of fashion, I had hopes you might turn out a poet of nature—to run extempore with a string of beautiful verses on every occasion, as it may offer, like the charming Italian Improvisatore.

All. Well, I'm the great English Improvisatory.

Mrs. A. I have heard the harmonious Metastasio, the Pastor Fido, the Goldoni—

All.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

All. On his poney.

Mrs. A. I protest to heaven, if you don't—pretty thing! I can't go to take an airing in my chariot to inhale the balmy odours of the rosea spring, but my maid comes with her steps state into my drawing-room, and with her delicate paw rattles my instrument out of tune. This account for your negligence—letting me go to the play on t'other night without a pocket-handkerchief, and when all the boxes were in tears for the sorrows of Varico, I was obliged to wipe my sympathizing moistened cheek in—

All. Check! Ay! that was so rosy-colour'd the night—hussy, your lady was fain to twitch the tears from off it with her white kid-gloves, so that the finger and thumb look'd as if she had been taking brazil snuff—that cou'dn't save some drops falling on your neck-handkerchief; what with that and your grievous face, my love, the titter were round. One lord with a blue ribbon whispered "by the heavens! that lady sitting next to the pretty well-behaved little gentleman, is Maudlin Muzzy." (*Jack laughs.*)

Mrs. A. (enraged) Retire! (*Maria curtsies and exit.*)

Mastr. J. Mamma, Molly makes a better curtsy than you—you do it with a bob and a duck and shake yourself about so. (*mimicks.*)

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, Master Jack, this is most unpretty behaviour, Molly! Hey! (*calls.*)

All. Rare times when the hen crows, and the little cock is not head of the flock! Willows! eh, eh!

Mastr. J. I'm the white legg'd chicken—Molly—Willows! eh, eh!

Enter Maria and Willows.

Mrs. A. Did you rub the chairs in my chamber, (*to Maria*)

Will. My poor child! (*aside.*)

All.

O THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

All. Rub chairs ! my dear, that's bus'ness for the house-maid—you should recollect that Polly was well brought up—Did you carry that corn to the mill ? (*to Willows.*)

Maria. My dear father ! (*aside.*)

Mrs. A. Carry corn ! nay, Mr. Allbut, are there not men enough about the house ?—Should not forget that Mr. Willows has seen better days—tho' now he totally depends upon our humanity.

Will. Why, Sir, as Madam observes, one of the men in the brewery might as well do this—I have sufficient use for my time over your books.

Maria. Besides, Sir, consider my father's years—indeed he hasn't strength ! [*Exit Willows.*]

Mastr. J. Molly, "rattle up the Piano"—'twill make us all merry.

Mrs. A. No. Miss ; you sha'n't show off your wiles to entrap the affections of my child.

Maria. I can bear all this : but to witness the injurious treatment my father receives, wounds me to the soul. [*Exit.*]

Mastr. J. Ecod ! I'll go after, and kiss Molly's ears away. (*aside, and going.*)

Mrs. A. Now, where are you going, Master Jack ?

Mastr. J. Going to read a fine soft sympathy book—Mamma—he ! he ! he ! Yes, I'll kiss Molly. (*aside, and exit.*)

Mrs. A. Isn't that—Mrs. Bellevue under my roof ! (*looking out.*)

All. Gad ! 'tis widow Bellevue—but, love, our roof would still be her's, but for my prudent dexterity in tricking her out of it. While her husband, my old master, lived, he was sharp over me : but, no sooner the hatchment clapt upon the wall, than all her ancient noble blood flushed in her face at the sight of the blue dragons, and the three white azure rampant fishing-hooks.

Mrs. A. That slut Maria ! tho' we pay handsomely for poor's rates to bring the paupers out of the roads and hovels.

All.

All. Ay! Mrs. Bellevue's a poor pauper in the hovel now, yet she was once too grand to have her great name posted in ledgers—no, she must have the business carried on under my firm, so rather than hurt her dignity, my little bit of an insignificant name sneaked into the lease, glided into the consols, stole into the East India stock, and my little bit of self popp'd into her house and land—like the New Church in the Strand.

Mrs. A. Yes, it's certainly Maria encourages her to come here; I dare say I'm cut up finely. (*listens.* Gone into the parlour! impudence! (*going.*)

All. Now for a neat rhyme! (*aside, and holding her.*) Gone into the parlour, impudence—just like a—a—(*Seems puzzled for a rhyme, and not biting on it, holds down his head, puts his hands in his coat pockets and runs into the house—Mrs. Allbut follows in a rage.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Allbut's House.

Enter Maria and Mrs. Bellevue, with a Book.

Maria.

INDEED I'm glad to see you.

Mrs. Bell. Once I cou'd be happy to bid you welcome here.

Maria. Aye! Mrs. Bellevue, this house where your's, was the seat of politeness and hospitality—hasn't Sir Henry since sent to you?

Mrs. Bell. No, my Love, he's no more a brother. His late acquisition of a baronet's title which he never expected, has rais'd him so much above me, that I'm now out of sight—every spark of fraternal affection; even compassion for my sufferings has been long extinguished!

Maria.

Maria. Oh, Madam, I'm out of all patience with him—his family pride, so provokingly unreasonable—to take such a vast alarm at your marrying a tradesman, when he himself, tho' a baronet, is still in business—your husband was a brewer—your proud brother is a banker—and where the end is money, I can't see any great difference in the means to acquire it.

Mrs. Bell. Candour shou'd in some measure incline me to excuse my brother, when I reflect that my present destitute situation is partly the consequence of that very family pride; which in his conduct to me wears the appearance of cruelty—inhumanity!

Maria. Aye, Madam, on the sudden death of your worthy husband, what a pity that you cou'd not suppress your own ideas of rank and birth, by being above all concern for the business, in trusting it into the hands of this designing fool—this knavish Mr. Allbut!

Mrs. Bell. A villain!—He abus'd my confidence and plac'd him in a trust—and then instead of clearing; to puzzle and perplex—

Maria. His purpose was to get all into his own power!

Mrs. Bell. He has done it—possess'd himself of my fortune, here—even of my house—and drove me to—

Maria. The vulgar Mrs. Allbut—indeed the great lady of the village—rattling by your cottage in her chariot—(*Mrs. Bellevue weeps.*) But it is wrong to revive in your mind—

Mrs. Bell. My kind Maria—in the bud of years; in the bloom of discretion!—had I then such an early husband! but those whom misfortune has doom'd to participate in friendship, only by receiving, may be interested for a grateful mention of its sacred ties. I am poor—you have been good to me—thank you, you will do justice to my intention—

Maria. Don't grieve, Madam.

Mrs. Bell.

Mrs. Bell. I didn't know the worth of your mind when my son set the just value upon your person and accomplishments—He could discern genuine merit, I was dazzled with the blaze of transitory riches; and when I should have blest'd him with a real treasure, I wrong'd both him and you!—Forbid your union; and to prevent it for ever, sent my child over seas far—far from me! Perhaps now a wand'ring fugitive. Oh! I have been wicked, cruel, unnatural! I am punish'd, but not enough!—I should be resign'd—I am.

Maria. Dear Madam, all will be better—No news yet of your William?

Mrs. Bell. No, my dear; and since the unhappy change of affairs, I scarce wish for my son—I have now no home to receive him—no smile of welcome—my blessing and my tears are all I've left to give him.

Maria. As my brother Charles was led to go abroad merely with the hopes of finding your William, they may have met; the two boys were here exemplary in their friendship—they may, they will afford mutual assistance should either want it.

Mrs. Bell. There too, from my unworthy conduct, you and your father are now deprived of comfort and protection from a brother and a son. Was Charles here, the Allbuts dare not treat you as they do. But I know nothing of William since his quitting the captain that I sent him with, and proceeding by himself to the East-Indies. My boy has a relation there in power—but no accounts from him.

Maria. My father and I remain in the same uncertainty—You'll stay and take some refreshment.

Mrs. Bell. Excuse me, my dear—I'll not be the cause of drawing Mrs. Allbut's displeasure upon you.

Maria. She never wants a cause for that. Step into my room—I've had a trifling present from some

some friends in town—I must beg your acceptance of a part of it.

Mrs. Bell. You've too much concern for me—I gave you evil, and you return every good.

Maria. My dear Ma'am, be cheerful. (*Takes her by the hand and exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

A Green. Enter Charles in a Sailor's Dress.

Cha. How every well-known object delights—
Captain Vanluifen!

Enter Capt. Vanluifen.

I find you receiv'd my letter.

Capt. Van. Yaw, Mynheer; and I'm com'd at de very day it bid me meet you here. My ship have brought you riches from Batavia, safe to Amsterdam, and now safe to London.

Cha. Pleasure, indeed! My riches I acquired by labour, difficulty, and danger—had a hard struggle for my life too, since, Captain—you know impatience to re-visit England, would not suffer me to wait for your sailing.

Capt. Van. I did hear de littal ship you embark in was cast away.

Cha. Wreck'd here on the coast—dead of night—had just time to throw on any jacket that came to hand—I got on shore with only my life—no cash—knew nobody—dispatch'd that letter to you, took a short stick in my hand, push'd off on foot, and with a hale constitution and jovial heart, here am I returned to my dear native village, worth two hundred thousand pounds, which ten years ago I quitted, not master of—

Capt. Van. I did lost all your riches at sea, but I did found dem again—Ve vere taken by a Frenchman—

Cha.

Cha. By a Frenchman! zounds!

Capt. Van. Dey did board—clapp'd us all under hatches—but van of my crew, a brave young Englishman, in de mid vatch, crept out of a port up de sides of the ship, snatch up a hanger, overpower de French sentry, releas'd us, and ve did retook our vessel.

Cha. What, one man—Huzza! Well done little England! (*takes off his hat and waves it.*)

Capt. Van. De capitan of de enemy was an Irishman—fought like de dyvil—in despair to see his prize gone, darted on de English boy—clasp'd him in his arm, and jump'd overboard down in de vater—a heavy sea—cou'dn't slack sail—saw dem no more!

Cha. My fortune preserv'd by the loss of a brave fellow lessens the enjoyment!—My heart throbs once more to behold—Now for my father's; but first a rub thwart my chin, and, (*looking out,*) is 'nt this Grigsby the barber, dress'd very odd for a friseur? A worthy fellow he is—there I can get—How glad am I to come home. Ah, no place like old England, not a house that won't fling open its doors to me; not a table without a plate, or a parlour without a nail for my hat! Bells rung! bonfires, I warrant! eh, (*They retire.*)

Enter Grigsby and some Villagers.

Grig. Don't interrupt—I am considering a case—I love good eating. (*Aside.*)

1st Vill. Now the Doctor's head is splitting with judgement.

Grig. I must ingratiate myself with Mrs. Allbut—without her countenance I may shut up shop, and cork up my wine vaults. I take fifty pounds a year of her money for only chatting at her tea-table on Italians, Della-Cruscas, and the nervous system.

2^d Vill. But, Doctor, my brother Tummas be main bad.

B

Grig.

Grig. Oh ! what you've a bad brother.

2d Vill. Sick.

Grig. You're all impertinent. A fine thing if I'm to have studied the material medicar, Southampton-port, alder-floe juice, and marrow-pomatum of Pharmacopolia, British coniac, turnip-cyder of Tooley-street, malaga surgery, tawny bottle-crusts, essence of *Burganny*, curling-iron and apothecary-ship, to throw away my time and skill upon all the ragged muffins o' th' place ; but this is the curse of a man's getting into reputation.

2d Vill. Ay, Doctor, 'cause you roots out a disease.

Grig. So I do. I'm for none of your worthless radical cures.

Cha. What, has Grigsby the barber turn'd doctor apothecary ?

1st Vill. Our cousin Ralph be got sick again, Doctor.

Grig. Oh, his malady was—I perfectly remember his case ; he was ill of a—a—Camera Obscura. How did you treat him ?

1st Vill. Bless you ! I can't afford to treat people. When I be's in company, every man pays his own shot.

3d Vill. Doctor, my son George that list'd for a foger—I got un off, but he's now at houme sick on my hands.

Grig. As we of the faculty say, much depends on diet. What's his regimen ?

3d Vill. The old Buffs.

Grig. The devil ! I mean what does he eat !

3d Vill. He's fond of eggs for breakfast, and—

Grig. Stop. What does he do with the shells ?

3d Vill. The shells—let's see, (*pausing*) ecod, I think he throws 'em behind the fire.

Grig. There 'tis ! How the devil can a man expect health that throws his egg-shells behind the fire ? Here, (*writes with his pencil on a bit of paper*) he's a little deafish.

3d Vill.

3d Vill. Yes, with all the drumming—

Grig. Then we must twiddle up his optic nerve ;
(*writes*) scrupolorum Glaubers, vermifuge, squills,
ay—As he's your son you must give him sal. prunell,
sal. polychrest, and sal. almonic.

3d Vill. Yes : but the damn'd dog will be always
running after Sal. Johnson.

Grig. My boy will mix' that up for you, (*giving
the paper.*) You'll pay him half a crown. Confuse
it in a basin of water—in *that* let him throw his
egg-shells, and after shaking the bottle, fling bowl
and all out at—mind—the *street-window*—that may
get me another patient, (*aside,*) first consulting the
thermometer. Begone! I'll give no more advice
this morning.

1st Vill. Ay, Doctor, times are turn'd—You
don't mind poor folks now you've got a broken-
knee'd mare, and a new old whiskey. [*Exit.*]

Grig. Broken-knee'd mare—old whiskey—ah, no
chance of being look'd on till I step into my
chariot.

Cha. Is this our village ?

Enter a Servant in a Livery.

Serv. Sir, my master—

Grig. (*Smiling and cringing.*) What, is your
master taken ill ? Dear gentleman ! I'll run to him.
(*Aside.*) He pays me thirty pounds a year, and
won't venture out in a morning till I come and tell
him which way the wind lies. (*Going hastily.*)

Serv. No, Sir ; but he desires you'll send him in
a dozen of your best old port.

Grig. Ha !—What my black strap ?

Cha. A wine-merchant too !

Grig. Very well (*Exit servant.*) When he
drinks my port he'll soon want something out of my
shop. My red seal bottles, always bring one with
a long cravat round his neck.

Cha. Now, Captain, you'll see how glad he'll be to find I'm return'd. My father was a good friend to him; and now for a specimen of gratitude and early faithful attachment. Ah, honest Grigsby—your hand, my old lad.

Grig. Rather free. (*drawing back.*)

Cha. Stop!

Grig. Stop!—any business with me, master?

(*looks strange.*)

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Charley Willows?

Grig. What, is it you? Come home in rags—this is the fuss made about him by his family! I said how 'twould be, (*aside, surveying Charles with contempt,*) hem—(*going.*) Whose chariot? (*looking out,*) Oh! Madam, your most profound humble servant, (*bows off obsequiously.*) Smart gig that! How d'ye do, Sir? (*bows off more familiar.*) A good stout gelding!—hows goes it Mr. ———

(*nods off, slightly.*)

Cha. Well, Grigsby! You've done this devilish well. I was going to your shop for a rub and a scrub—you always had a little soap and water!

Grig. Scrubs come to my house for soap and water.

Cha. How! (*with surprise and indignation.*)

Grig. (*Aside, not regarding him.*) This fellow's sister Maria tho', is pretty—but then, that Miss Louisa—a report that she's daughter, or somewhat to a lord—wasn't it?—an odd mystery that—hiding at Jollyboy's—poor tho' and tisn't what were you, but what are you.

Cha. Hark'ee, Grigsby!—(*angry.*)

Grig. (*smiling placid and contemptuous, takes snuff.*) Madam Allbut is my first object and attention—eh, is 'nt that Squire Hedgworth and young Briers going out shooting? A present of some game for Mrs. Allbut might—one shou'd never make presents but to them that can afford to buy—How fashionable they're equipp'd for the sport! I must kick

kick up a rummage in my old master's wardrobe—see if it can't afford me a smart shooting jacket; every gentleman in the country should shoot—hey, my glove, (*searches.*) A physician to feel pulses shou'd have his hand warm, soft, and white—my hand (*displays it*) 'till I can sport the chariot, shou'd get a muff—a ring—my sweet old patient found dead with a brace of guineas clench'd in his fist—ready fee for the doctor—the punctual honest soul!—the old nurse and I dividing I shou'dn't have given her half—the two wou'd have compass'd a smart ring, ha!—hum! [*Exit pompous.*]

Capt. Van. He's gone to set de “plate of pudden for you, and knock up de peg for your hat.”

Cha. This a sample of my welcome!

Capt. Van. I tink I hear “de bells ringing”—I long for “de bonfire.”

Cha. Damn the village! I wish 'twas on fire—but hold, there may be only one Grigby in it. Yes, 'twas certainly my forlorn appearance! the rascal thinks I'm come home poor.

Capt. Van. If you had, Mynheer Villows, you see your welcome!

Cha. Aye: but unjust to draw a conclusion from the behaviour of this low-born murdering mountebank. (*A shot heard at some distance.*)

Bri. (without.) You've certainly wing'd her.

Cha. (looking out.) Oh, now you'll see a different affair. Here are a couple of gentlemen, my former school-fellows; who, except Willy Bellevue, whom to follow abroad I first left my home, were my most particular and intimate companions.—Yes, 'tis—

Enter Briers and Hedgeworth, (with fowling-pieces.)

Hedg. I think it fell in the marsh.

Bri. No getting it without wetting one's self, and I've no great wish for Dr. Grigby's stuff—hey, Nero! (*whistles*) if I don't shoot that dog! badly made, good for nothing, (*perceiving Charles.*) Oh,

here, you sir, leap the hedge and bring me the bird—it fell yonder—damn the fellow, how he flares! Oh, he must be paid beforehand—there—(*flings halfpence on the ground*) Now, hey over!

Cha. (*with joy and cordiality.*) My dear Bob Hedgeworth, how d'ye do?—Nick Briers! here I am come home to you again (*they look at each other, then at Charles with strangeness.*)

Capt. Van. De gentlemen seems to have forgotten you.

Cha. Aye, I am sunburn'd and weatherbeaten—but, my boys, don't you remember Charley Willows?

Hedg. (*to Briers—charging his gun.*) Do you recollect?—I shall be out of powder.

Bri. Oh, yes, very well—It's the—the—poh! Willows—aye, brother to the pretty girl there below, at—Allbut, the brewer's.—My lad, if you don't take care you will be press'd.

Hedg. Nick, you shou'd give the poor devil something. I remember his siter was always your partner at the assembly at Guildford.

Bri. Nonsense!

Cha. Well, but lads—what news?—I hav'n't even seen my father yet.

Bri. Free and easy—any thing of a former acquaintance got down out of one's line—a cursed boar—no shaking off.

Enter Grigsby in a shooting dress (accoutred.)

Grig. Gentlemen, your most obedient—

Bri. (*hollowing out.*) Oh, dem'me, here's the doctor too.

Grig. (*charging.*) I've forgot wadding—oh! my head! 'pon my soul, gentlemen, I was going to charge with a bank-note—oh! doctor Boerhaave's proscription—cou'dn't read it—but no matter—the mixture is gone home and the patient will soon follow it, (*aside.*)

Enter

Enter Margery and Louisa, behind.

Marg. Ma'am, this is the shortest way to our mill.

Louisa. Aye! my good Margery, your character of Mrs. Allbut has so frighten'd me, that I believe I must sojourn with you a little longer; how shall we get by these gentlemen? I wish they wou'dn't shoot till we are past.

Grig. (apart to Louisa) Oh, Ma'am, want your change—hav'n't so much in the till—send you in a choice chest of florence. *(To Briers and Hedge-worth, smiling.)* Gentlemen, will you permit me to make one in your very salubrious amusement?—I promis'd some game to a lady—I'm an excellent shot—mark, *(presents.)*

Marg. Stop, Ma'am! Deuce o' that doctor!

B. Zounds, doctor—that's a cow!

Grig. That a cow! I know it, my dear Sir; but don't you see the little bird perched on the top of her horn?—my game has hopp'd the twig—it's wise—for, gentlemen, rest is the nurse of disease, "You see as a doctor, I speak against my own interest; nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the animal functions, and when the caninus rabies, which we of the faculty, call vertigo in the foot, comes; rest brings a polyphus in the lungs, symptomatic of the epigastic region; and then nothing better than sudorific antimony, parsimony, and ready money, dismembering the whole animal economy with the fyrrup of wild pop"—*(Briers fires close at his ears—he runs off.)*

Louisa. Ah! *(striking.)*

Cha. Frighten a lady! *(Snatches the piece from Briers, and throws it over the hedge)* "Hey over!"

(Bri.) Dem me, what do you mean by that?

Cha. Oh, I'll tell you. *(Briers taking Hedge-worth under the arm, they both sing and walk off.)*

Louisa. Those are our young men of fashion, devoid of breeding or humanity!—and this spirited young man—You're a gallant fellow! Those brutal wretches! Oh, what mistakes Fortune does make in the distribution of her gifts! (*aside*)

[*Exeunt Louisa and Margery.*]

Cha. A lovely creature! But why did I not speak to her? Those puppies rascally conduct has stupified me!—Charming girl!—The scoundrels! (*pauses and looks confused.*)

Capt. Van. And these scoundrels were your intimate companions? Why, Mynheer Villows, you did keep good company!

Cha. This my reception—the joys I promised myself! They certainly imagine I'm come home penniless—'tis plain, if I had, how 'twould be.

Capt. Van. Ah, Mynheer Villows, dis is your home!—Ah, ha! a man may love his own country vidout crowing over dat of another.

Cha. Why true, Captain. It is not this or that spot that stamps the character; Nature will not change for climate, customs, or complexion: the villain, black or white, is of one nation, and the benevolent are fellow countrymen, though born at the extremities of the globe—Yes, Briers and Hedgeworth's scorn, all to my seeming poverty!

Capt. Van. Suppose den you seem to be poor, only to prove which of your friends deserve to be better'd by your riches.

Cha. Thank ye, I will. A most excellent thought!—my dress too so lucky—Oh, but Captain, my property is consigned to the banking-house, Sir Henry Check.

Capt. Van. Yaw.

Cha. Then, master of a princely fortune, I'll sally through the village in my old trowsers—Is that a good shipwreck'd, rueful phiz? (*looks dejected.*) Come, Captain. [*Exit singing, Captain follows.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Before an elegant Villa.**Enter Grigsby.*

Grig. Can't kill a bird. Just as I cover mark, and touch trigger, damn it, I always shut the wrong eye—How to pay court to Mrs. Allbut—

Enter a Man in a Soldier's Coat, with a Musquet and Wallet.

Man. What a sap was I to come this way, just under Mr. Allbut's nose, and he's a justice of peace! (*Sees Grigsby, endeavours to hide the wallet, and sneak by.*)

Grig. That fellow's been poaching: since I cannot bring down game with lead, I'll try silver. Ho, you infernal damn'd dog! I know you're a poacher, destroying the nobleman's game, you vile thief! Give up what you've got!

Man. Zounds, I shall go to quod for my marauding!—Master, don't hurt a poor man with a family.

Grig. This is a lucky stroke—our great Madam Allbut will esteem this such a prodigious compliment—besides the credit of shooting so capital—Well, say nothing of this bus'ness—there, I buy your game, (*gives him money, and takes the wallet.*) [*Exit Man.*] Here's Allbut, and I hav'n't time to put the birds into my net.

Enter Allbut from the House.

All. So, Doctor, in visiting your patients, you shoot by the way?—'gad, that's killing two birds with one stone.

Grig. (smiling.) Yes, Sir, I've had tolerable sport—I've shav'd a good many birds.

All. You've been shaving the birds?

Grig. Hem—I mean killing—powder-puff and wash-ball—that is, powder and ball—shot—I've brought here the produce of my success humbly to present to Mrs. Allbut.

All. Ha! You're right to make presents; she's in a high passion—but this politeness of your's will soften her.

Enter Mrs. Allbut from the House.

Mrs. A. Lock'd themselves up! This audacious Mrs. Bellevue to dare to come into a house of mine!

All. My love, here's our worthy friend Doctor Grigby has been shooting this morning early, and he begs you'll accept of a few birds.

Mrs. A. Shooting is a cruel sport! the pretty innocent feather'd tenants of the air—the tuneful minstrels that wake the rosy morn with carols sweet—it shocks me!—my feelings are perhaps too exquisite.

All. Feeling! Yes, my love, and your taste is not bad—over a roast pheasant! We shall have a nice supper. Doctor, you'll come and eat a morsel of your own good cheer?

Mrs. A. Do pray, Doctor. *(curtsies.)*

Grig. Madam, I shall do myself that honour.

All. A few partridges here, eh, Doctor?—and some woodcocks? *(taking up the wallet.)* Oh, you ear'd they'd break your net.

Grig. I trust, Ma'am, these dainties will suit the delicacy of your ladyship's palate. *(Bows.)*

All. *(opens the wallet.)* What the devil, a goose!

Grig. Ha! *(surprised and confused.)* Ay, a wild goose!

All. “Here's the pretty innocent feather'd tenant of the air”—By the Lord, here's a wild pig!—

“Here's

"Here's the little bird that wakes the rosy morn
with carols sweet!"

Grig. (confused.) By the heavens, this must have
been done by the magic lantern!

All. Thank ye, Doctor—but rather too light food
for supper. However, as you're our apothecary,
it's very well intended.

Mrs. A. Sir, be assur'd you shall not affront your
betters.

Grig. Affront! Let me tell you, Madam, we of
the faculty think that my present is wholesome and
good eating—so says Doctors Boerhaave, Crook
Shanks, Cheney, and Sir John Pringle.

All. Yes,—but, Doctor, damn me if here isn't a
wild old woman's petticoat—Why, instead of giv-
ing, you're come here to make game! (*Grigby
steals off.*) Holla, Doctor, does Johnny Pringle re-
commend this for good eating?

Mrs. A. An audacious villain! Peter! (*calling.*)

Enter Peter.

But I must compose my mind with divine poesy:
(*takes up paper, and reads.*) "Seraphic souls sub-
lime, celestial food, soft circumambient air"—I de-
fire, Mr. Allbut, you'll have him turn'd out of the
parish, next Vestry—Tell the cook that's for dinner
to-morrow. (*Pointing.*)

[*Peter takes up the wadlet, and exit.*]

All. No, my love, we've company to-morrow—
piggy looks so nice, we'll keep it till we're by
ourselves.

Mrs. A. Something else to think on than Doctor
Grigby's vagaries—and you to join—

All. Love, instead of snubbing, you shou'd take
care of me—give me nice cordials, to make me live
long; for, once you're a widow, as I did with Mrs.
Bellevue, some smart rogue will come and jockey
you out of all. Aye, now I'm brisk—but when I'm
flat—dead—you'll be for marrying some flashy young
gentleman.

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. I desire, Mr. Allbut, you'll not flatter me with such hopes.

All. Of two such popes.

Mrs. A. Hush! They've broke up their consultation. [They retire.]

Enter Maria and Mrs. Bellevue from the House.

Mr. and Mrs. Allbut *beat in, and shut the door.*

Mrs. Bell. Bless you, my dear Miss; my kind, good angel!

Maria. Farewell, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. What must have become of me but for you?

Maria. Nay, now, indeed—

Mrs. Bell. If heav'n has a store for the benevolent, your comforts will be many. You nor your's were never obliged to me—you owe nothing, but give all. Your conduct, contrasted with the ungrateful possessors of this house—for they have shared my bounty—they rose high upon my ruins, tho' now they will not know me. When we'd win the heart by increase of favours, each added obligation but renders the claim of benevolence more insupportable; and, though a kind wish is the only return expected, pride often quits the debt by an ungenerous endeavour to disown it.

Maria. Dear Madam, be cheerful—the Allbuts are unworthy of your resentment; their repeated cruelties to my father and me cancel what they compliment by the name of charity—we must bear. If my father receives any news from abroad, you shall hear—and you'll do the same by us.

Mrs. Bell. Aye; was my William returned—the letters you have received from Charles, tho' long back, never once mention him.

Maria. Be assur'd, Madam, William is still here, *(points to her breast;)* but why should I flatter myself he has yet a heart for me!

Mrs. Bell.

Mrs. Bell. If he lives, dear Maria, could his gen'rous, his faithful heart make a reparation for past injuries! Perhaps in my boy's honest affection you may forget the unkindness of his mother—Oh, that I could atone!—in that sweet hope, his return will give me the first delight—Well, well—

Maria. Come, all will be well. If I can slip out, I'll bring you some newspapers—they'll amuse you.

Mrs. Bell. I thank you; I'll send my little Edward for them, if I can prevail upon him—oh, here he is—my child!—now look, is n't Edward shooting up very like your—I beg your pardon—his brother, my dear William.

Enter Edward.

Maria. (*tender.*) Edward, how d'ye do, my dear?

Edward. Very well, I'm oblig'd to you. Mamma, you staid so long, I fear'd Mr. Allbut had affronted you, and I'd have ask'd him what he meant by it?

Maria. Why, that's very valiant of you, Edward—but t'other day, when Master Jack affronted you, you cry'd and walk'd away.

Edward. Aye, I didn't mind for myself, 'cause Master Jack was able to beat three of me; but I wou'dn't suffer the biggest man in England to affront my mother.

Mrs. Bell. My child, my love, come, we'll go home.—(*Going towards the house.*)

Edward. Why, Mamma, we don't live in the great house now—Mamma forgets our home now is the cottage.

Mrs. Bell. True, my love

(*struggling with her tears.*)

[*Exit Mrs. Bellevue, Edward, and Maria.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Allbut's house (enter Maria, goes to a side door and pushes.)

Maria.

I LEFT the door open—some of Master Jack's tricks, I suppose, (*knocks*, Mrs. Allbut appears at the window.)

Mrs. A. Who's there?

Maria. Oh! (*looking up*) the door shut whilst—

Mrs. A. The Maria! I protest I didn't know you—to pay me a visit! this is an honor—I—but I don't imagine you've any very material business here, Miss.

Maria. Madam!

Mrs. A. There was indeed a servant girl I had—one Molly Willows—but she got so pert and idle—I am determined never to let her into my house.

Maria. But, Ma'am, sure you won't—

Mrs. A. Can't avoid it, Miss. (*Maria weeps.*)

Enter Jollyboy.

Joll. They said our smart Doctor Grigsby came this way—walk off with the money I had to pay my rent! (*looking about*) No! holla! Madam Allbut! do your folks intend to bring that sack of corn up to-day? mayhap you don't bake your own bread any more; because if you want the flour, send the grist up to mill, tol, lol, lol, (*sings.*) Miss Willows, what's the matter with my pretty chick? If it's a man has made you cry—tell me who—I'll see if I can't dust his jacket, and if it's a woman, I'll tell her she's a damn'd bell-cat.

(*Allbut appears at another window.*)

Mrs. A. Then you're a busy fool.

All. Because the air's so cool.

(*Mrs. Allbut seems to sit and read.*)

Joll. Turn'd, poor soul, into the street! Ecod,
Madam

Madam seems very easy after doing an action a Grand Turk wou'd be ashamed of.

Mrs. A. "In tranquil hours it gave the smile serene." (*reading.*)

All. (*at the other window.*) You I have not seen,
(*To Jollyboy.*)

Mrs. A. I desire, girl, you will not bring a mob about my house.

Joll. Am I a mob?

All. For you I've a job.

Mrs. A. No doing any thing for this man.

(*Retires.*)

All. To grind my corn—but beware of the horn.

(*Mrs. Allbut appears at the same window with Allbut.*)

Mrs. A. Come in I desire.

All. I beg leave to retire, (*he draws in—she takes his place at the window, and is going to speak—he puts his head over her shoulder.*) I'll go sit at the fire.

Mrs. A. (*to Maria.*) Contrary to my commands, you brought Widow Bellevue to my house, and be assur'd that you shall find my door for ever shut.

(*Shuts window and retires.*)

Joll. Turn'd out for relieving the distressed—poor soul! too good to be shelter'd by a house, and now her roof is the canopy of heaven! Miss Louisa, our lodger, has left us—might again let the little box—but was it to bring me a guinea a day—I'd rather you'd occupy it for nothing.

Maria. I'm obliged to you, but cannot think of—

Joll. I'd be no loser by the bargain; for prosperity hangs over the house that contains a humane and charitable heart.

Maria. Whither turn—separated from my father! leave him with those cruel people!

Enter Master Jack.

Mastr. J. Molly! hark'ee—

Maria. (*joyful.*) Has your Mamma, relented? Has she sent for me?

Mastr. J.

Mastr. J. Oh, no, my dear; but I'm soften'd into a power of compassion for you.

Joll. Why now that's well—I always said Master Jack was the flower of the flock—you think Miss has been badly treated, and pity her, oh?

Mastr. J. Yes, I pity her. My dear, since Mamma has discharged you—sooner than you shou'd come to want—if you abide at Mrs. Bellevue's cottage; I'll pay her a shilling a week, and give you half-a-crown now and then, if you'll only let me come and kiss you at all times when I'm in a humour?

Maria. How! (*with indignation.*)

Joll. Why you ungenerous hound! is that your pity? Do you come and affront her with your rascally proposals at the very time that her sorrowful situation renders her an object of respect and protection?

Mastr. J. Hark'ee, Dick Jollyboy! I'll protect you with a douse o'th' chops.

Joll. You whelp! (*strikes him.*)

Mastr. J. (*crying.*) Oh, that's pretty usage to your landlord's son—see if I don't make Mamma turn you out of your mill—fine doings! a young gentleman to be dous'd only for asking to keep a Miss!

[*Exit blubb'ring.*]

Joll. Keep a miss! pretty buck! no wonder curs like you, when the tip-top of the nation set before you decent examples.—My dear you'll be safer in my little cottage than in this great house.

Maria. I believe you—I accept your kindness, and thank you.

Joll. Why now that's hearty!

Enter Grigsby, full dressed, with large wig, muff, and cane.

Grig. Tho' I was deceived, by that foraging son of a Scarlet fever, yet my present was as sweetly astringent as rough Alicant—I'll shew these good people that a Physician is somebody. I see respect is all paid to appearance; and by heav'n's I'll have a chariot

chariot tho' it draws me to St. George's Fields; hem; (*looks important.*) Young woman,—this girl loves me (*aside*)—Is your master or mistress at home?

Joll. She has no master or mistress.

Grig. How old are you? (*to Jollyboy.*)

Joll. Why? suppose I'm three and forty—what then?

Grig. You're not a physician?

Joll. No, thank heav'n.

Grig. Then you're a fool.—Every man at forty is either a fool or a physician. (*Struts.*)

Maria. (*to Jollyboy.*) I think I shall put you to inconvenience—suppose I go to the Doctor's, till I see what father determines.

Grig. Come to me! oh! this is what we call love-powder. (*Aside.*)

Joll. Hold, Miss. Doctor, give me a ten pound note.

Grig. Give you a ten pound note?

Joll. Yes; that Miss Louisa gave you!

Grig. So, when my patients give me a fee, I must give it to you? ha, ha, ha! but I'm not to laugh!

Joll. Come—ten pounds!—touch! (*Looks grave.*)

Grig. A touch—in the pericrankey—did he bite you? (*to Maria.*)

Joll. No: nor you shan't bite me. Give me the ten pounds.

Grig. He's got the hydrofogy! bring me out a basin of water. (*to Maria.*)

Joll. Never mind either soap or water—I'm shav'd already—but return the money, or I'll take up your old trade and dress your wig upon your own block—here's my little twiggling comb! (*Shakes his cudgel.*)

Grig. A Robbery!

Joll. A fellow learns to bleed upon the veins of a cabbage leaf, and draws teeth, by clapping a red-hot poker to our noses!—must pick our pocket as a

wine-merchant and a doctor with shoe-juce, and powder

powder of post. Deliver ! (*Stakes his cudgel, and Grigby gives the note.*)

Grig. Witness, Miss ; on the King's highway he says " stop, Sir, stand and deliver !"

Maria. Nay, but Mr. Jollyboy, this is a very dangerous practice, and what nobody could believe from a man of your character—oh ! my poor dear father ! (*Looking out and exit.*)

Enter Allbut in a rage.

All. Jollyboy, Mrs. Allbut has order'd me to treat you like a scoundrel.

Joll. Ah ; you'll find it easy to obey her !

All. How dare you abuse my wife and beat my child ?—I'll give you—

Joll. This is quarter day, and there's your rent, (*gives the note to Allbut.*)

All. I'll give you a —receipt.

Joll. No : my word is a voucher that I have paid you—tol, lol. [*Exit.*]

All. What an honest man !

Grig. Honest ! this is the most barefac'd, impudent, way of paying rent ! " An honest man" is plunder'd, and you are the receiver.

All. Plunder'd !—is this your way of making presents ?—if you've got at robbing hedges and hen-roosts, your old practices, my boy ;—how dare you make me the receiver ?

Grig. By heav'n's, Sir ; I'm of a sanguine and a dusky complexion ; and—

All. 'Sblood, Sir, who cares for your dusky complexion !

Grig. Return it, for at present—

All. I'll not return the present—the goose is pluck'd—the pig is scalded, and damn me, if you shall have any thing back, but the old woman's petticoat.

Enter Shopman with a packet of bottles.

Shop. Master, I'm going to take the medicine to—

Grig.

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

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Grig. Take medicine—zounds! take ten pounds from that gentleman.

Shop. (*staring*) Sir!

All. Take ten pounds from me?

Grig. If he won't give up it quietly, trip up his heels.

All. Trip up my heels! touch me, and I'll lay you by the heels in a jail, (*runs in.*)

Grig. Never mind—if he does, I'll visit you.

Shop. Thank'ee, Sir, but I'll save you the trouble.

[*Exit.*]

Grig. He shall restore it, else—it's quite opaque and clear to me—I'll ossify his very bones—a miller and brewer take and give my money, hand to fist! enough to dislocate my brain-pan—but that my wrongs brought out the loving concern of that comely servantmaid, Maria—my money! oh! by the—as I'm now bemuff'd and bewig'd, I must support the condign dignity of a physician.—hum! ha!

[*Exit into house.*]

Enter Charles.

Cha. Ay; it's a bad world, I see that. My thread-bare jacket drives every body away from me—some look with pity—some with contempt—but not one offers to relieve me,—oh! this is Mrs. Bellevue.

All. (*within.*) Give you ten pounds you barberizing rascal! out with him, Peter! (*Peter and Allbut seen at door thrusting Grigsby out.*)

Grig. Here's a diascordium!—here's a nostrum!

All. And a rostrum—and a cuff—and a muff—

(*kicks out the muff and shuts the door.*)

Cha. A new thing—people turn'd out of Mrs. Bellevue's house! why it's our gen'rous doctor!

Grig. Here's ptisan and diet drink—they took me by the nose!

Cha. Well: that's only returning your former compliments—you've got a scratch, but you've your own shop.

Grig. I never take any thing out of my own shop.

Enter

Enter Master Jack (from the house.)

Mastr. J. Oh, ho! Father and Peter have been having fine sport here—kicking Doctor Grigsby out, and never call'd me to join in the fun, oh,—

Grig. Pounded crabs-eyes! *Master Jack gives him a blow on the back and runs in.*—Had my man hit back'd me—he shall never again pound mortar of mine—my lad, you may want employ, as your father and sifter are—besides his sifter loves me,

Aside.

Cba. What I speak!

Grig. You can carry out parcels—I have been sprain'd and batter'd like opodeldoc—no cutaneous hurt—but quite external—it has put me into such a rage, I mean the Illiac passion and woe to Panado!—look at my caput—is n't there a fracture in the abdomen?—its dense as a feather—oh, business for Bow-street—patients—I must now visit the Brown-bear. Cure from my own shop! may do for a porter, but you'll never make an apothecary, oh, no,—no, no, (*Picks up the muff, adjusts his wig and cloaths.*) the law shall—to give me such a diameter on my nose! I'll consult Mr. Fudge the attorney, he shall take out a *supersuijet*—follow me! [*Exit.*]

Cba. What does he mean by my father and sifter? carry out parcels—porter—scoundrel! but tho' the people here thought me poor; yet they might suppose my father wou'd instantly replenish my purse—he, thank heaven, can't be subject to their glum frosty looks—he has competence, and I hope health.

Enter Willows, from an out-office, carrying a small sack full, which he immediately lays down.

Is not that my father?

Will. I shall never be able of myself—(*looking out, sees Maria.*) My child! I must not grieve her! I must seem to make light of it.

Enter Maria.

Maria. Nobody dare disobey Mr. Allbut's orders, to carry it for him, nor shou'd I add to his grief by telling

telling him their usage to me—now, Sir, don't attempt it.

Will. Child, we're now servants to Mr. Allbut, and to eat his bread and neglect our duty, is dishonest and ungrateful.

Cha. Servants to Mr. Allbut! reduced indeed! oh, this accounts fully for my reception here.

Maria. Sir, I fear 'twill hurt you.

Cha. My beloved sister—brought up with tenderness!—my kind parent!—are these the comforts of his age!—but then isn't it in my power to—oh! till this moment, I never tasted the sweets of riches! the delightful reflection that I can make others happy!

Maria. Sir, indeed you can't. (*Helping Willows to lift the sack on a pitching-block.*)

Cha. They don't seem to know me. (*In a broad blunt voice.*) How d'ye do, Sir?—servant Miss.

Will. How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Cha. Seem past your labour?

Will. Yes, my lad; but those that wo'n't labour may be compell'd to do worse.

Cha. Have you now no son to work a little for you in your old days?

Will. Why I may have a son abroad, but perhaps my poor boy finds work hard enough himself.

Cha. Where was this to go?

Maria. Only up to the mill yonder—kind Sir, (*curses*) Lord if he wou'd (*aside, joyful.*) (*Charles whips up the sack and stalks off singing*) then blessings on you! (*looking after him with delight.*)

Will. Now, child, this is very indiscreet—how d'ye know who this man may be?

Maria. He's poor certainly—but he's an English sailor, and an honest fellow, I warrant him.

Will. Holloa! Master! (*Exit hastily.*)

Maria. (*looking out.*) You're right, Sir, there's the windmill, (*points.*) (*Exit.*)

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The outside of a windmill.

Enter Charles and Margery, from the mill.

Marg. It is the dear soul, and I hav'n't pack'd up her things. (*Goes in, Charles retires.*)

Enter Louisa and Maria.

Louisa. Well, 'tis certainly very good of him.

Maria. Now wasn't it, Madam? (*looking towards Charles.*) Oh, then he has left it,

Louisa. (*surprised.*) Why that's he—

Cha. How beautiful! my experiment don't require looking so very bad—may rub the dust off my face—'tho the doctor refus'd me; yet old Margery has soap and water. [*Exit.*]

Louisa. The very delightful young man that interpos'd when those rude gentlemen—and, here now, to assist the weak and aged! one wou'd think he watch'd for occasions of rendering services where most wanted—what an excellent heart must he have!

Maria. Don't you think, Ma'am, if well dress'd—really I believe he's very handsome!

Louisa. Oh, have a care! young women must never think men handsome—nothing more dangerous to our peace—alas! I feel it so. (*Aside.*)

Maria. Well, Ma'am; I'll step down and apprize Mrs. Bellevue of the honor you intend her.

Louisa. I thank you. This very atrocious circumstance you've told me of the miller has confirm'd my determination to abide no longer with him.

Maria. Madam, it astonish'd me! his conduct wou'd make one suspect that the honesty of the world exists only in appearance. [*Exit.*]

Louisa. You believe he's handsome—how very weak and inconsiderate is our sex!—that girl now must be silly to take such notice of men—to my fancy, if I dare have a fancy, he's the most amiable person I ever saw. (*Looking.*)

Re-enter

Re-enter Charles.

My heart beats quick—I tremble—I wish I—had never seen him—he has been making himself look more agreeable—now that is really very malicious.

(Aside.) *Cha.* Madam, your most obedient, *(bows respectfully.)* I'd talk a thousand things, and yet I don't know what to say *(aside)*—Ma'am, here within is great lamentation—your intention of removing will break the heart of your poor old landlady.

Louisa. I'm not going far, Sir—only to Mrs. Bellevue's there, below—look, Sir, that—

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, I see.

Louisa. (aside.) Looking quite the wrong way.—Sir, it's—Lud! what am I about? absolutely making an assignation!—I fear I'm farther gone than I thought I was *(aside.)*—I thank you, Sir, for the concern you took in my fright this morning.

Cha. Oh, Ma'am; no merit of mine; concern for a lady who must interest all that see her is involuntary. *(bows.)*

Louisa. (curtseys.) Since my coming here, I've sauntered a good deal about, but don't recollect having ever had the pleasure of seeing—lately come, Sir? been abroad, I presume?—but don't answer me. You see women will be impertinent.

Cha. They will be charming, and men be captivated—oh, you most lovely—

Louisa. What! Sir—*(looks cold and serious.)*—I deserve this, *(aside.)*—Sir, I retract all the information I gave you just now, *(smiles archly)*—people tell me, and it may be so, that often I don't know what I'm saying; yet pray don't you now by a contrary meaning take an interpretation of heart.

Cha. Then, Madam, you have a heart?

Louisa. I'm afraid not, *(aside thoughtful)* I thought I told you, you wer'n't to mind what I say—I'm not going to live yonder—look there *(points)* I shall never walk through that meadow in an evening—I desire not to know if your heart is engag'd to the

the young maiden for whose old father you carried the corn to the mill. (*Aside.*) Lud! if I hav'n't got to flirtation with a man I know nothing about! I the niece to a peer! and he—but love is a most cruel democrat! murders all distinction, and levels hearts by exaltation to a mutual equality of sweet affection!

[*Exit.*
Cha. Now who is she?—good and charming! and that's a volume!—(*looking out.*) Isn't this Allbut's wife? the mistress of my father and sister! who when I went abroad was little more than—what tricks has fortune been at?—Oh, my new valet—

Enter Valet.

Well, John, the people at the Rose don't suspect you belong to me?

Valet. Oh, no, Sir.

Cha. Right, for if I've a welcome from a soul here, it shan't be for my riches.

Valet. Sir, Captain Vanfluisen bid me tell you that Sir Henry Check wishes to see you.

Cha. Very well; (*Exit servant.*) but I'll be a poor fellow for another five minutes—yes; (*looking out.*) Mrs. Allbut. I'll try what effect my out-at-elbows has upon her.

Enter Mrs. Allbut in a rage.

Mrs. A. I don't know what's come to all the common people!—an impudent miller to dare strike a son of mine! but paying his rent shan't cajole me as it has done Mr. Allbut.

Cha. (*advances.*) Ah, Mrs. Allbut! How d'y'e do, Ma'am?

Mrs. A. Who is this fellow?

Cha. (*aside.*) Oh, ho!—I hope my father and sister are well.

Mrs. A. (*aside.*) I protest it's Young Willows—come home a beggar as I expected!

Cha. I've been very unfortunate.

Mrs. A. Unfortunate indeed! to return in this plight—where is this man?

Cha.

Cha. Yes; but if my friends here are only so good as to assist me with a few comfortable meals, and a little money to supply me with decent clothes, I might soon be able to go out again and make another trial.

Mrs. A. The impertinence of such people—(*aside*.)

Cha. Sorry to hear my family is fallen so much to decay; however it's not lost what a friend gets—glad to find you've since got so much up in the world—I hope for your kindness—asham'd to appear about this figure, a few guineas wou'd rig me handsome; then I should not disgrace your table.

Mrs. A. My table! guineas! my friend, I never meddle in the parish affairs; but I fancy, if you've no visible means of a livelihood, that the beadle knows his duty.

Cha. Me! Beadle! Madam, I hop'd for a kinder reception—

Mrs. A. Do you suppose that Mr. Allbut is keeper of the workhouse?

Cha. Workhouse! the time has been when you thought it the highest honor, my father's even hinting at a marriage between my sister and your son.

Mrs. A. I shall burst with rage!—Yet really—ha, ha, ha! its diverting—pray, friend, stand a little farther off, ha, ha, ha! my table! the elegant and select circle of literature, my fashionable friends might indeed stare to see a Naples Lazaroni sit at my table—this creature too I suppose, “plays the Piano,” and “reads Sterne.”

Cha. Yes, Ma'am; but “the recording angel has no tears for you.”

Enter Allbut.

Mrs. A. Oh, Mr. Allbut, here's the pleasantest thing! This ragged man has a sister, and expected you'd give our son in marriage to her.

All. His sister marry—

Mrs. A. Yes, our son Jack.

All. He deserves a whack, Who is he, my dear?

Mrs. A. Oh, it's that—Molly, our maid's brother.

C

All.

All. What Charley Willows, that went to sea after Willy Bellevue?—poor man, seems bad times with you! My dear, he may have the run of the kitchen for a week?

Enter Willows and Maria.

Mrs. A. Well, Miss Maria, now you've time, see will you exhibit your airs and graces at your piano forte?

Cha. Then, Ma'am, no pity for my distress?

Mrs. A. Pray take your distresses somewhere else.

Cha. Don't you know me, sister? Father! *(kneels)*

Maria. Oh, Sir, it's my brother! Heavens! I not to know him before!

Will. My dear, dear boy, rise!

Mrs. A. Ah, lord! he can't spoil his clothes! Ha, ha, ha! Such folks pretend to feeling, its really amusing!

Maria. Well, Charles, eh? how, just arriv'd?

Cha. Father, though I didn't go abroad rich, I'm come home poorer.

Will. Never mind, my boy,—better bring home an empty pocket than a bad conscience. If you're clear of cash, I hope you're likewise free from dishonour.

Maria. Heard any thing of William Bellevue?

Mrs. A. Are we to stand all day list'ning to their dismal stories?—Absolutely their croaking has an effect upon one's spirits.

Cha. And I hope upon your heart. You once yourselves felt the bitterness of poverty, and a sympathising recollection might now incline you to pity ours. *(Taking off his hat.)*

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, have you got any silver?

All. A shilling—hem, I've got a sixpence. If there's no hole in your hat, let it hold that. *(Drops it in his hat, Maria, with an air of dignity, takes it out, and places the hat on Charles's head.)*

Mrs. A. A very elegant chariot stopp'd yonder *(looks out)*—some visit to us—Lord, Mr. Allbut, pray come a little farther—Willows, you're son is absolutely

absolutely a disgrace! I desire he mayn't be seen hov'ring about our house.

Enter Footman in a full dress, mourning livery.

I saw your master give the message for us. (*Footman passes Allbut, walks up to Charles, bows respectful, and presents a card.*)

Cha. (reads aloud.) "Sir Henry Check's compliments to Mr. Willows, congratulates him on his arrival in England, hopes—

Footman. Sir, my master himself is coming to you—but 'tis here I'm to inquire for this Lady Louisa. (*Goes into mill.*)

Mrs. A. Dear! I vow it's Sir Henry Check!

(*apart.*

All. (apart.) Mrs. Belleyue's proud brother, that won't know her—he's a K. B. and an M. P. fiddle de dee—bravo! (*Walks up joyful.*)

Enter Sir Henry Check in mourning, and re-enter Footman.

Footman. (whispers Sir H.) Sir, a young lady of the description has been here, and they have directed me where to find her.

Sir H. (apart.) Oh, pray where is—

All. I'm here, Sir Henry.

Mrs. A. Had we expected this honour—

All. Mr. Conner, (*Bows.* *Mrs. Allbut frowns, and walks away ashamed.*)

Sir H. Oh, you're Mr. ——— the brewer, that—(*with contemptuous indifference, then to Charles with ceremony and respect*) Mr. Willows, I presume. (*All look at Charles with astonishment.*)

Cha. Most obedient, Sir Henry. I understand some property of mine is consign'd to your house.

Sir H. It is, Sir. I left town, on a visit to my Lord Oakwood's here in this neighbourhood, and understanding from Captain Vanluisen, that you had just arriv'd, took the opportunity of paying my respects with hopes of the pleasure of introducing you to his Lordship.

Cha. Sir Henry, you're very obliging—I've some affairs to adjust, and then I'm at your service. I shall dress and—

Sir H. Oh, my dear Sir, the perils you've been in sufficiently apologize—

Cha. Sorry, Sir Henry, for what may have been the cause of your present appearance.

Sir H. Thank'ee, Sir, I've had a severe loss indeed—but come, Mr. Willows—I attend you.

Cha. My father—sister—Sir Henry—

Sir H. (*bows to Willows.*) Madam, your most devoted. (*Very respectful to Maria.*)

Grig. (*without.*) No; you ungrateful cur. I discharge you—I've got a new servant.—

Enter Grigsby.

I'll see if Doctors are to be robb'd of their fees, and flung out of Brewer's houses like empty oyster-shells—you may skip—(*to Charles.*) Bring up my horse from the Jolly Mariners.

All. Get along. (*To Grigsby.*)

Grig. I will—and you shall get along to the Poultry Compter.

Enter Shopman with a basket of phials.

You shall do nothing for me, (*snatches the basket from him, and places it on Charles's head.*) Here's my servant now—go you the rounds with them.

All. (*takes the basket and flings it off.*) Come here affronting noblemen, you blundering fool!

Grig. My med'cine spilt! so you take physic off people's shoulders, you most obnoxious paroxysm, I'll send you such a bill you shall have symptoms of a bilious complaint—(*turns, sees Sir Henry*) Noblemen—(*bows*)—mourning—good family for a doctor, (*bows.*)—Sir, it's my way to invite people of constitution to my house—hope you'll honour my oxyrate—the moralists consider'd health preferable to sickness—and, my lord, nothing like exercise—rest the nurse of disease—you see as a doctor, I speak against myself—and for exercise, no aliment so mucilaginous

cilaginous as sheep's-head broth; some prefer butter-milk; and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon—

Sir H. Poh! turn! (speaking off.)

[Exeunt Charles and Sir Henry in conversation.]

Footman. Oh, Mr. Allbut, our butler's compliments to you, desires you'll send in a cask of small beer for the servants. *[Exit.]*

Grig. Sir! poh! turn! here you, my old chronic servant, take to your quadruped, and ungroundsel my simples in a limback scalager of immense featherfew. *[Exit.]*

(They look at each other.)

Maria. Father!

Will. Why, Maria!

All. Mrs. Allbut!

Mrs. A. (confused and embarrassed.) Mr. Willows. I—cou'd—have—wish'd—Sir, that you had told us—

Will. The first I knew of it myself.

All. I suspect he has brought home the pelf.

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, I die with shame, for the scandalous treatment you have given him.

All. Me!

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, he's improv'd—when dress'd, I dare say he's a fine young man. Mr. Willows, you're very happy—Miss, I give you joy. *(Curtseys.)*

Enter Charles

Cha. (joyful to Willows.) Sir, I've brought home wealth, and I shall think my perils and labours in the acquisition nobly repaid, if it can contribute to the ease and comfort of my dear, my honour'd parent!

Will. My child!

Maria. My good Charles! oh, now I may be enabled to raise the widow from her couch of sorrow!

Mrs. A. (with great respect and gentleness.) Well, I presaged, when but a boy, and the sweet child us'd to make such a graceful bow; taking bread and currant-jelly out of my hand, I said Charles was born to ride in his coach.

All. Yes, my love, and you remember, that day you gave him the smart box o'th' ear, (*Mrs. Allbut walks up angry.*) *Mrs. Allbut.* I call you to witness, when he was a little master, I said, says I, "if that beautiful young gentleman was thrown into the sea, he'd rise again, with a bag-wig and a sword by his side."

Mrs. A. Sir, we have now a very genteel neighbourhood—form little social parties—happy if you'll make one, at a concert—or take a hand at Cassino, or Rouge et Noir—Mr. Willows, if you'll honour our house—

Cha. Sir, are you keeper of the workhouse?

All. Me!—we hope you'll dine—

Cha. To take the run of the kitchen—father, shall I trouble you to order every inn in the village, open to all comers?—ah! my good Sir and Madam, thank heav'n, I can now chuse my company, and I'd sooner steep my crust in the brook, than sit at a table that hadn't a dinner for the poor man that wants one.

[*Exeunt Charles, Maria and Willows.*]

Mrs. A. Oh, I shall die with vexation! [*Exit.*]

All. Did my dear and I know, Charley'd bring home the rhino,
(We'd have squeak'd, Oh, be joyful, and
scrap'd violino.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before Allbut's House. Music and Shouting without.

Enter Jollyboy.

AY, there's the rich man's welcome, the full-mouth'd gratitude of beef and beer; what, and the Allbuts too going to partake of Mr. Willows' bounty! then Old Nick choke you in the shape of a pound cake.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Allbut richly dress'd from the House.

Madam Allbut! Going up to Mrs. Willows's huzza at the Bear?

Mrs. A. Huzza!—but we should pity the misfortune of tradespeople that want the advantages of early cultivation.

Joll. Ay; we brewers and millers can't be expected to know much!

Enter Master Jack from the House awkwardly dress'd.

Maft. J. Mamma, a'n't I too finely dress'd to visit our servant maid?

Joll. Ay, Master Jack, you're finer than ever your grandfather was.

Maft. J. Mamma, Jollyboy won't let me talk about Molly.

Mrs. A. You must now say Miss Maria, she'll have an immense fortune.

Maft. J. Then, Mamma; I mustn't say, "hey the Molly, hand me the toast and butter?"

Enter Allbut, intoxicated.

All. Let my coach wait at my iron-gate.

Mrs. A. This my indulgence, to let you dine out!

Joll. So, then, after your shabby conduct you've been swilling Mr. Willows's wine—the devil's in your assurance!

Maft. J. And now he can't behave himself.

All. Why? don't you go up to the Rose and halloo for Mr. Willows?—"You've no veneration for rich people."

Joll. Not I. If a man has riches, so much the better for himself. I thank heav'n and my own industry—want none on't: nor if I did would he give it—so what's any man's riches to me?

All. You won't even make one at our parish feasts and vestry-dinners, you churl!

Joll. Why shou'd you have feasts and dinners?

All. To settle bus'ness. Won'd you have us meet in a field?

Joll. Meet in a horse-pond, with your chins just above water, rather than feast upon the poor.

Mrs. A. My coach, John!

Joll. Ay; you've scrapes, bows, and bareheads; but it's only to your coach—give me the cordial smile of solid esteem in my chay-cart.

Mrs. A. Draw up! I must pay my respects to Miss Maria.

Joll. Respects!—the poor girl you turn'd into the street!

Mastr. J. Mamma, Jollyboy's always prating, won't let me talk. (*Whistles.*)

Mrs. A. Here, Master Jack, by the way, you read me Orlando Furioso. (*Gives him a book.*) The Maria shall peruse my poem over our tea. (*Aside.*) As a rehearsal I'll condescend—poetry may civilize this person—a brute! that cou'd strike my child. (*To Jollyboy.*) Have you ever read sympathy, sensibility, and humanity?

Joll. No; but I wish you'd get 'em by heart.

Mrs. A. Man, do you visit the muse? (*emphatical.*)

All. Ay, when was you in Cockspur-street?

(*imitating.*)

Mrs. A. Have you transcrib'd my poem as I bid you?—Genius is above writing a mechanic fine hand.

All. Yes; but genius might know how to spell; and you write such a damn'd scrawl, my love.

Mastr. J. Ay, just like on an India tea-chest.

All. Oh, here I've copied it out in a neat hand.

(*Gives the paper to Mrs. Allbut.*)

Mrs. A. Gentlemen have no opinion of female literature; indeed we have not distinguish'd ourselves in blank verse.

All. She'll be delighted with my improvements on it.

Mrs. A. A Jeu d'esprit of mine—(*to Jollyboy*) you may read it out. (*Gives paper.*)

Joll. (*reads.*) "Tall torrents tumble from the tow'ring cliff,

All. "With a two-penny ruff.

Joll. "The wild winds whistle with the roaring wave,

All.

All. "Dr. Grigby for a penny did shave."

[*Jollyboy throws down paper and exit.*]

Mastr. J. Oh, my father! (*laughs.*)

All. (*bawling after Jollyboy.*) Mind the "tiff" and the "shave" are mine—I'll give up any thing but my fame: I saw you was poz'd for a rhyme, my dear; not one in the whole poem, my chick!

Mrs. A. Rhyme!—Do you know what blank verse is, you wretch you!

All. Well didn't I fill up the blanks? Sweet!

(*Master Jack continues laughing.*)

Mrs. A. Dare to interpolate! Oh! I must get a transcriber—some half-boarder at a top-school—a reduced clergyman's daughter—no! that young person Margery recommended. (*Shouting without.*)

All. Oh, Widow Bellevue sneaking to her hovel.

Enter Mrs. Bellevue and Edward.

Mrs. Bell. Let's avoid this noise and festivity—joys are not for me! the Allbuts——

Mrs. A. One shou'd endeavour to do something for this poor woman, as Miss Maria was partial to her—How dy'ee do, Mrs.—cou'dn't you make it out more comfortable, by a trial of—selling, some—trifling wares in—throw your cottage—into a little—sort of—shop-window—a few children's toys, penny books, or—might keep a little school. You've capacity to teach the infant rustics to spell, I shou'd imagine—Mr. Allbut, you'll advance the widow a few pounds for a set-up?

All. I have it—there's one of my alehouses, the Fox and Gridiron—people run away, (*sings*) "It's a pretty little reputable public house."—I'll put you into that: and for stock, I'll send you in a pin of beer or two.

Mrs. Bell. Hear me! You who have possess'd yourselves of my right by rapine, and keep it by fraud—there is an eye that marks ye, a hand that holds a sword—the hour will come to strike! wealth that shou'd give exalted lustre, renders you emi-

nently despicable! Wretches, intoxicated! that drinks the widows and the orphans tears! Oh! let the oppressor of the poor, restless on his bed of down, look within—there feeds the worm of conscience—whilst the patient object of his cruelty enjoys sweet slumber on his bed of straw—patience, oh, heavens! where is mine? (*weeps*) but I will be proud! (*recovering herself looks with dignity and contempt on Mrs. Allbut, and exeunt with Edward. Mrs. Allbut confused, bridles and exit—Allbut puts his hands in his coat pockets, holds down his head and exit—Master Jack pulls down his ruffles and struts off.*)

Enter William and Captain Mullinahack.

Will. Ay, Captain, since the sharks have mis'd us, and we've got a firm footing on old England.

Capt. M. I don't know what sort of breakfast I'd be for a fish; but at this moment I cou'd eat a piece of a shark without oyster-sauce, and yet I hav'n't the price of a red herring.

Will. Here I promise you every comfort that affluence and hospitality can bestow; that's my mother's house, (*pointing to Allbut's.*) She'll give us roast beef, a bumper of stout Madeira, and humming strong beer of her own brewing, Captain.

Capt. M. Faith; I wish we were sitting down to it.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Now they're all gone out, if Miss Maria cou'd see me—I'm afraid to—(*Gives an easy rap at the door.*)

Enter Master Jack.

Mastr. J. (knocks loud.) Peter, chuck Mamma's snuff-box out at window. (*Door opens.*)

Will. Now, Captain, I'll introduce you to my mother.

Mastr. J. (stopping him.) What d'ye want?

Will. The lady of the house.

Mastr. J. But she doesn't allow poor folks to come about door.

Will.

Will. Then she's much alter'd for the worse—
Can't I go in?

Mast. J. Sha'n't!

Capt. M. (to Jack.) Pray, my boy, didn't you learn with the cook and eat with the chaplain?

Mast. J. What?

Capt. M. Nothing: only you're better fed than taught.

Will. But I'd speak with Mrs. Bellevue.

[*Exit Jack into the house and slaps the door.*]

Edw. That's now Mr. Allbut's—Mrs. Bellevue, Sir, is my mamma.

Will. (aside.) This my brother.

Edw. She lives in the cottage here.

Will. (aside.) And is it so?

Capt. M. (aside.) Upon my honour I'm afraid the roast beef is all eat up—the Madeira is all sup'd up, and the strong beer turn'd sour—William, the first interview with your mother won't admit of a stranger—I'll wait for you in the cabaret yonder—don't be ashamed—as an enemy, when you retook my prize you cut me down with your hanger—as a friend after we were sav'd in the waves, and since partners in adversity, you've been kind and gentle, and millions of gold cannot increase my respect where I admire courage, and honour humanity.—

[*Exit. Shouts without.*]

Edw. That's joy for a great rich gentleman that's come.

Will. Joy!

[*Exit melancholy.*]

Enter Charles and Sir Henry Check (laughing.)

Sir H. For your good cheer now you're the greatest creature, ha, ha, ha! Your pretending penniless, an excellent trial!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—And the damn'd Allbuts too—their fulsome compliments—But you had something to say, Sir Henry?

Sir H. A thought has struck me—your sister is very amiable—under any engagement?

Cha.

Cha. Why, there was a young gentleman, a very dear friend of mine; but I fear he's dead—for—

Sir H. I've lost my only son—our family, title, and my fortune, must now go to a nephew, for some time not upon terms with his mother—I may have been wrong—if we cou'd bring about a match between your sister and this my nephew.

Cha. With my sister's consent, you have mine, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Best not introduce my sister Bellevue till she can make some appearance, (*aside.*)—Full of business, Mr. Willows—Oh; did you see an Irish French officer about here, since—But you'll consider—adieu! excuse me. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Abrupt enough! A marriage of fashion and business propos'd by the baronet and banker. Now to comfort poor Mrs. Bellevue—but this is the charming stranger's forbidden cottage and meadow. Is my visit here love or charity?

Re-enter William.

Will. I'll walk in the air till she wakes.

Cha. By heavens, William Bellevue! (*surprised.*)

Will. Find my mother reduc'd! and I returned to her with one shilling!

Cha. My poor fellow! (*aside.*) William!

Will. (*surprised.*) My dear Charles! I heard you follow'd me out to sea.

Cha. Just return'd to England.

Will. Sorry to see you too come home with a shatter'd hulk.

Cha. Not yet heard of my good fortune (*aside.*) I think no occasion, but I'll try him too (*aside.*) Ay, William, and no hope from my father or sister! all gone badly since with them too.

Will. My beloved Maria and my friend!

(*Turns aside.*)

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, does your honour wish—

Cha. Damn the fellow, (*throws him off.*) Eh, William

William—well? Strange we never met abroad. Though your mother did send you off from my sister, I think she'll be soften'd to see me come home thus. Come, we'll step into her house, and over a bottle and a crust we'll talk of our voyages. Oh, Bill, you've a snug, warm birth to come home to—but poor me—

Will. Charles, that's my mother's habitation now.—(Charles affects surprize and concern.) A gentleman waits for me at the Grapes—step across—I'll see my mother, and come to you.

Cha. But, shoud' any thing prevent you, I've no—(touching his pocket.)

Will. Here, Charles, (gives him money.)

Cha. Perhaps I deprive you.

Will. Oh, no, I'm still a few shillings strong—good bye. [Exit.

Cha. (joyful.) Give my sister with a hundred thousand pounds to baronets and bankers!—My generous poor friend have her. But, hearing nothing from him so long, may she not since have chosen another—so fine a girl must have had many dying swains—(looking out.) Doctor Grigsby! Your agreeable apothecaries know all that's done, said, or thought in every family—I'll ask him.

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Their open alehouses! I must watch for my friend in the street: in the state of my pocket I'm afraid to venture into a tavern yet, though I'm just hungry enough. If I dine with a gentleman, it shall be at his own private table—Oh, they tell me this is the great man that pays the piper—An airy kind of a morning dress—May be he'd invite me. Sir, your most obedient—(Bows.)

Cha. Sir, (bows) you have the advantage of me.

Capt. M. No, faith, Sir, it's you that have the advantage of me—You know where to find a dinner, and I must first find the philosopher's stone (aside.) You've charming air here—so sharp and keen, gives one such a nice appetite.

Cha.

Cha. Sir, it's wholesome air.

Capt. M. Yes, Sir; but it's not toothsome.

Cha. Sir!

Capt. M. No, he won't (*aside*). Sir, (*bows*) since my mouth must be idle, I'll try if my nose can't get a little employment (*sniffs*). Sir, a pinch of your snuff, if you please.

Cha. Sir, I don't take any.

Capt. M. Oh, these are bad times indeed, when a sea officer can neither get snuff or mutton.

(*Half aside*.)

Cha. A gentleman by his air and manner, but seems an oddity.

Enter Grigsby and Constable.

Grig. My patients cannot spare me to go to London—besides this rich man will be now for cramming himself with turbot and turtles eggs.

Capt. M. May be he'd invite me. Sir, I am your's also. (*To Grigsby*.) (*Grigsby stares*.) Nor you neither.

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Poh! [*Exit*.]

Grig. Then poh! for you. Constable, you'll catch my thief?

Const. But who is he?

Grig. If he knocks out your teeth, I'll give you a fine tooth I bought of a blackamoor. (*Sees Charles*.) The nabob—how lucky his believing I didn't know him this morning—his sister loves me—(*aside*.) (*Cringes*) Sir, if you dance in the evening, that is, a minuet, now lose a little blood—my lances so sharp and obtuse—my sweet little parlour—fatten'd hair-bottom'd chair—hand'd China coffee cups—Sir, your arm shall be ty'd with your own phylastic garter—stretch'd out, hold one of my fluted silver candlesticks, and to divert your thoughts by a pleasing object before you in a glass-case, my skeleton of Levi Barabbas—none of your sixpenny London bleedings, pewter porringer, yard of list and a broom.

broom-stick—by the heavens, Sir, I'll charge you two guineas—there will be bleeding! (*Pompous.*)

Cha. But now for information—Doctor, as well as the body, you're often consulted on the state of the mind?—

Grig. The Munro? Ha!—Theraptica,

(*looks cunning.*)

Cha. Why, Doctor, you seem to have acquir'd astonishing skill in your anatomy, pharmacy—

Grig. Dear Sir, only symptoms in pharmacy, I have a pretty meadow, some corn—

Cha. Blockhead! (*aside.*) Pray have you heard—do you think my sifter has form'd any particular attachment!

Grig. In the Pleura she was in danger, but I dispers'd it—young women subject to these periodical diagonals.

Cha. I mean love attachments, since—speak out—the man that can make her happy shall have her.

Grig. Shall he? When only Allbut's maid, I never minded Miss Maria's leers at me, and how she took my part when Jollyboy, (*aside.*)—Sir, your sifter has long form'd a most lasting attachment.

Cha. Long! (*aside.*) Oh, William—but a doctor I don't mean—

Grig. There is a certain worthless, cephalalgical poor dog—the very thought of him is her elixir cardialgia.

Cha. Then she has kept her heart for—(*aside.*)—His poverty is nothing to any body.

Grig. Certainly, Sir, you've a caustic for that!

Cha. I think him worthy of the finest woman in England!

Grig. Oh, dear Sir, (*bows.*)

Cha. I'm certain he's endow'd with ev'ry gen'rous quality—

Grig. Oh, Sir, (*bows.*)

Cha. And doctor, the poor cephalalgical dog, as you call him, shall have her, in preference, even to the nephew of a baronet.

Grig.

Grig. Shall I?—then shake hands my gen'rous brother!

Cha. What, yourself! You? (*agitated.*)—(*aside.*) Impossible! this can exist only in his own folly.

Enter Louisa.

Louisa. Yes, here he is; but what brings me here?

Grig. What, your change—hav'n't so much i'th 'till—send you a bag of camomile. (*Apart.*)

Louisa. So, Sir, for all my caution, you wou'd come hov'ring about the cottage, and my walk in the meadow? (*Archly.*)

Cha. Oh! you most charming!

Louisa. Hold! I never listen to heroics.

Cha. As you say, Ma'am, they are very ridiculous, (*confus'd, looking out.*) My sister—to think of this fellow, but she can't—yet the sex fall into such unaccountable inconsistencies.

Louisa. Mrs. Bellevue is a very charming widow, so don't you follow me in there.

Cha. As you say, Ma'am, excuse me a moment, there's a lady coming that—

Louisa. Oh, Sir, I don't wish to interrupt you and the lady—I deserve this, for my forward indiscretion. (*Aside. Exit.*)

Enter Maria dressed.

Maria. Oh, brother, have you seen Mrs Bellevue?

Cha. (*aside.*) If ever so depraved, she'll be ashamed to own it to me—I must draw conclusions from her manner—(*aside.*)—Maria—

Enter Jollyboy.

Joll. Mr. Charles Willows—fling your money about among drunken mobs!—I wish with all your joy, you'd let your golden sun shine upon the house of sorrow.

Cha. Thank'ee, my honest monitor.

Grig. (*to Constable.*) Apprehend the honest monster! I'll swear he robb'd me—here will be fractures—as I'm going to be married, must take care of myself for the good of posterity. (*Aside.*) [*Exit. Const.*]

Const. Wasn't it Mr. Jollyboy—he rob!—did you

(to Jollyboy.)

Joll. No.

Const. An honest man's word against the oath of a—good by'e, *(shakes hands and exit.)*

Cha. Here must be probity *(gives Jollyboy a paper.)*—My almoner—go! you “find out the house of sorrow,” and dispense joy.

Joll. A hundred pounds! “I shall get saucy again.” Huzza! I give you leave to roar and be happy, tho' you are a rich man, or you shall laugh by proxy—I'll be your representative in joy, as well as charity; and a blessing on you as you give it—

Tol. lol, lol. *[Exit singing and dancing.]*

Maria. Brother, you're very wrong to entrust—you're deceiv'd—he's not the man you think him; I assure you, he us'd the poor doctor most horribly—

Cha. *(aside.)* Her poor doctor! Oh, her partiality is evident,—for him, slander such genuine integrity!—love a wretch that cou'd deny me! who, when he suppos'd me in indigence—take him—let him be a husband; but I am no more a brother.

[Exit.]

Maria. What can he mean? *(looking out.)* Heavens! sure that's William—he return'd too!—Then 'twas my dear William that Charles meant—perhaps they met abroad—why at first conceal it? Could my love be unkind to him? oh, no, my William, the delight I receiv'd from even a thought that I might see you again, and now is it thus my wish is accomplish'd; my father loves us, he'll remonstrate with Charles; better his gold had stay'd in the mine than make him violate the dearest ties of duty, love, and friendship. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

A Cottage, a Table with Books, Work, and Newspapers.

Enter Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. Maria has sent me the newspapers, sweet girl! she takes every occasion to amuse and oblige me, *(looks out.)* Eh! what stranger, Edward?

Enter

Louisa. Yes: but 'twas taken from me by the way, by a most unkind young man—just come from over seas—I believe only to vex me.

Mrs. Bell. Over seas? What sort of man?

Louisa. Oh, very handsome.

Mrs. Bell. A stranger—must be my William!

Louisa. Aye: I thought he look'd like a false William.

Mrs. Bell. My son!

Louisa. Indeed, your son! but do you think he has given away his heart?

Mrs. Bell. He loves, and is belov'd, (*looking out*) and here comes the very amiable girl.

Louisa. (*looking.*) Aye: the very, very same that—What cou'd she mean by her finesse to me at the mill this morning—as a meer stranger—express such feeling for his service to her father! (*aside.*)

Enter Maria.

Maria. Oh, Madam, where's William?

Louisa. And she left him this very moment (*aside.*)

Mrs. Bell. Not far off—Maria, you're very fine, what is this?

Maria. Hav'n't you heard? Ah, Madam, I fear an union with William is now far distant.

Louisa. (*joyful.*) Is it?—I ask your pardon, Ma'm, I'm very rude, but I—I—(*confus'd.*)

Enter Grigsby.

Grig. (*to Maria.*) Now, my beloved, (*sees Louisa.*) here again?—want your change—hav'n't so much in the till—send you seven bottles of peppermint—(*aside.*) I'll celebrate our brother's success by illuminating my windows—the village shan't blaze in bonfires, and my house dark—wish I'd a few squibs, or some little guns to make revolutions.

Enter Edward.

Edw. (*to Louisa.*) Miss, a servant in mourning asks for you.

Louisa.

Louisa. Madam, your pardon. [Exit hastily.

Mrs. Bell. That seaman was your brother, my love; go to him.

Edw. What, William? [Exit.

Mrs. Bell. But, Maria, you astonish me—what can have turn'd your heart against my William?

Grig. Talk not of Williams or Georges—her heart must turn to nobody but Jack Grigby—her noble brother! to give her to me, in preference to the nephew of a baronet!

Maria. To you? impossible that Charles can be so absurd!

Mrs. Bell. Nephew of a baronet—must mean my boy—Is Charles this rich man, whose arrival has occasion'd such universal joy?—Oh, then his contempt for my William is accounted for—here's the world! step this way, my son—never mind your dress.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Madam, my brother's gone. He overheard you all talking, and went out greatly troubled.

Mrs. Bell. How!

Maria. Which way, Edward?

[Exeunt *Mrs. Bell*, *Maria*, and *Edward*.

Grig. Her brother giving her to me—very handsome—but I must dress terrible smartish—with the eclat of her fortune, I shall indeed be a physician—Doctor! Beautiful!—I will buy a deplomar—job-coach—pretend to be reading—own footman thump muffled knocker—door open'd by lady of the house—step slowly up stairs—shoes creak—chair plac'd—patient's bedside—all silent, reading my looks—pinch of snuff—stop-watch—squeeze pulse—touch guinea—beautiful! thrice beautiful! ha! hum!

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Road. Enter William, agitated.

Will. Maria false! My mother in indigence—
this my home! Where shall I turn my face?—
Heavens!

Enter Allbut and Waiter.

Waiter. You'll sup at our house, Sir?

All. (Seeing William.) I don't like your straggling
strangers—it's Willy Bellevue!—He come back too
shabby! Yes: he wants to play on us the same game
that Charles did—certainly rich—seems poor, only
to try us.

Waiter. (apart to Allbut.) Aye, Sir; gad, you've
hit it! like Mr. Willows, he certainly has brought
home the shiners—and I'll tell 'em so up at our house.

(Aside. Runs off.)

All. He'll play the devil with me for ransacking
his Mamma!—Oh, this, 'twas that puff'd her up
when she trim'd us so this morning!—I'll seem to
think him poor—then the greater merit in my kind-
ness. Willy Bellevue! *(joyful.)*

Will. (aside.) The wealthy brute that oppress'd
my mother.

All. So glad to see you come home again!

Will. If I had even gone away in your debt, I
have brought no money to pay you.

All. Sly! *(aside.)*—Talk of money between
friends—I said when you went abroad, you were too
honest, like Charley Willows, to make fortunes, by
cutting Rajahs throats—and running off with their
coats.

Will. Has Charles brought home money?

All. He has, my honey. My sweet Boy, he has
been as great a rogue to get pelf—as yourself, or
myself *(aside.)* He has been ransacking abroad—
brought home rupees enough fill a porter-butt.—No,
give me the honest conscientious man, tho' he hasn't
a halfpenny

a halfpenny to buy his dog a roll—and Billy, I respect you by my soul!

Will. Charles make fortunes! This doesn't correspond with his story to me—perhaps, flashing away to procure a little civility, or to marry off his sister—

(Shouting and joy-bells without.)

All. That dog of a waiter has been blowing this all about, *(aside.)*—Don't mix with that rabble at the Rose—come to my house, Billy tho' you hav'n't a soufe.

Will. But my Mother.

All. You are my Brother.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An elegant Drawing Room in Allbut's House.

Enter Allbut, Peter, and Maid.

Allbut.

QUICK, Peter! Put wax in the girandoles and lustres—blazing clusters.

Enter Mrs. Allbut surpriz'd.

Mrs. A. I hope you hav'n't ask'd Mr. Willows and his party here?

All. No; but there's another young old friend of ours arriv'd in England *(running about and adjusting furniture)* Jenny!—bid cook bustle.

Mrs. A. What do you mean by your bustles and illuminations?

All. I tell you here's a gentleman—there he is—give me a kiss?

Mrs. A. With sweet consent to conjugal endearments thus the turtle-dove—but oh, fie! *(going to him smiling.)*

All. Lord! I don't want to kiss you—I only said it for the rhyme's sake. *(run off.)*

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Perhaps here's indeed some person of condition, and my dress—*(goes to the glass.)*

All. (without.) This way, dear Sir,—Mrs. Allbut waits the honour of receiving you.

Re-enters.

Mrs. A. Why didn't you give me more notice?

All. Pray walk in, Sir,

(stands ceremoniously expecting.)

Enter William.

Mr. Bellevue, Mrs. Allbut.—(introducing.)

Mrs. A. (starts.) Ah!—introduce your filthy tarpaulins to me—who's there! Shew the fellow out.

Will. Madam, though its quite a novelty my being desired to quit this house—yet as it was once my mother's, I think I can find my way. *(going.)*

All. Stop! *(Holds him. Apart to Mrs. A.)* The devil's in you—are you going to make the same blunder with him you did with Charley Willows? You won't be convinc'd that he's come home with the cash till you see the banker's chariot.—Billy, be seated.

Mrs. A. Upon my sofa! *(pulls it away.)* Go about your bus'ness.

All. Stay, Peter!—A bottle of sack for me and my friend.

Will. Now is it the wife or the husband that gives me the real welcome? *(aside.)* *[Peter serves wine.]*

All. Here's friendship without interest, and a speedy kick up to all scoundrels, *(Drinks and coughs.)*

Mrs. A. One wou'd think, Sir, that you got the wine out o' th' rivers—I insist—

All. (apart.) So rich—brought home from the Indies—my dear Billy *(shakes hands)* cargoes of nankeens, bamboos, pepper, tea, china, fontargree, lacca, and bagatapaex.—Love, doesn't Billy look charmingly? The dolts without there think him quite a man of gold—and I humour'd them in it, tho

tho' I knew 'twas no such thing—(*apart*) he has money enough to ruin us for chousing his mother.

Mrs. A. (changing manner.) Protest I did not know him at first!

All. There, you see she did not know you at first—(*apart*) seem to think him poor and behave kind to him.

Mrs. A. And the Willows' family—this crowd of successes, so provoking! (*aside.*) My dear William, I'm sorry for your own sake you've had no better fortune abroad; but you are as welcome—

All. As the postman!

Will. When I reflect on certain proceedings towards my mother, I am at a loss how to account for this very extraordinary kindness to myself.

All. Billy—didn't I tell you the good lady cou'dn't stoop to live in this scene of bus'ness?

Mrs. A. Mrs. Bellevue, my dear, you know, was a woman of quality—despis'd every mechanic idea, and we indulg'd—let her have her own way.

All. I've plagu'd myself with the whole property merely to rid the dear gentlewoman of trouble of bus'ness—I've toil'd, while she lives snug in the cottage without a care to make a grey hair. Peter, has John taken the coach for Mrs. Bellevue?

Mrs. A. (aside.) My coach!

Will. Sir, I'll call and bring—

All. I suffer the dear lady to shuffle through the mud!—What shou'd a gentleman keep a coach for, but to accommodate people that are genteel and honest—Go! (*to Peter.*)

Peter. Our coach for the poor widow—well!

[*Exit.*

Will. (Aside.) Some balance this against Charles's unkind—

All. Billy, conceal your poverty and you'll get enough to help you; for your sordid rascals are always thrusting their money on those they are sure don't want it—your travels may have exhausted your cash—command my purse.

(*Gives money to William.*)

D

Mrs. A.

Mrs. A. Nay, my love; you musn't engross all Mr. Bellevue's compliments—my dear William accept—I'll not be refus'd—*(giving him her purse.)*

Will. Eh! the world seems better than I thought it—yet this unexpected *(aside)*—Pray, Sir, how long has the marriage been talk'd of between Maria and your Doctor here?

Mrs. A. The first I heard of it. *(Apart.)*

All. Or I, *(apart)* hush!—Only from their finding out your empty pockets.

Will. Really!

All. *(Aside.)* I'll get the doctor's bones broke—offer to take ten pounds from me! Grigby's a terrible rival! abus'd you at such a rate only for thinking of his Maria—my love, you know he said he'd kick Billy.

Will. Scoundrel! but is he worth my anger? I'll consult my Irish friend the captain. *(aside)* *(A loud knock without.)* My figure!—if you expect company permit me—

All. Poh! What's a man's outside? We'll pack 'em off, and then us three will make party quarri over a snug bit of supper. Ecod; my love, Billy shall have share of Doctor Grigby's little wild pig—hey, diddle dig! *[Exeunt William and Allbut.]*

Mrs. A. *(looking out.)* Mrs. Bellevue in my house! this is indeed a sacrifice to one's interest!

Enter Peter.

Peter. Ma'am, Mrs. Bellevue wouldn't come in the coach.

Mrs. A. Proud wretch! ay: she'll not join in William's deception upon us—our sudden notice of her will appear so unaccountable, I scarce know what colour to give it. *(Retires.)*

Enter Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. These people must have some motive for their reverse of conduct—has Providence wrought it

it in their hearts, or do they dread my son's indignation: and yet who is faultless! If their contrition is real, I shou'd meet it with forgiveness—I hope you'll excuse my warmth this morning.

Mrs. A. Oh, Madam, pray don't mention it, as the poet says,

The heart that's wounded by the dart of fate,
Assumes in dire distress sublimer state.

It hurts me, Madam, to think—that—still some little misunderstanding or other shou'd have unluckily kept us at such a distance. I fear—I have been wrong—the sight again of your dear William reviv'd sparks of former kindness.

Mrs. Bell. Accept my thanks for the reception you have given him—he left me just now in great trouble of mind.

Mrs. A. Madam, won't you please to sit—Peter! Chocolate.

Peter. Chocolate too!

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. A. Now, Madam, you shou'd be happy—how astonishingly Mr. William's improv'd!

Mrs. Bell. He's certainly very good, and I am sure he has gratitude—he's hurt exceedingly at some change in his friend Charles, but your attention to him in his present circumstances—

Mrs. A. Circumstances! Gratitude! Can she too give into this little artifice her son is playing off upon us? I'll try her farther. (*Aside.*) Life is subject to vicissitude, and did we withdraw our countenance from our friends in the hour of calamity we should be barbarians, Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. But, Madam; tho' my son is now distressed, and has found me in extreme indigence—

Mrs. A. Distressed!

Mrs. Bell. The hour may yet come when—

Mrs. A. Stop, Madam; (*rises*) answer me—Is your son's poverty real? It must be so—this creature is above a falsehood.

Enter Peter, offers Chocolate to Mrs. Bellevue—Mrs. Allbut puts it aside.

What's the blockhead about? Mr. Allbut! (*calling.*)

Enter Allbut.

That fellow isn't worth a shilling!

All. What my sweet Willy! No?

Mrs. Bell. I'm sure he cou'dn't attempt to impose the contrary upon you.

All. He did! Because he said he was poor, I thought he was rich—it's such a damn'd lying world! Give him a supper!—Betty! Take the pig from the fire!

Mrs. A. He took my purse!

Mrs. Bell. So then, all this humanity that I—

Mrs. A. I like people chatt'ring of humanity, that have nothing to lose by it!

All. Fine talk of hospitality, when they can't lay in coals enough to boil an egg for their sallad! Peter! (*haws*) Where's the sailor?

Peter. Sir, he went out, he said, to look for some Irish Captain.

All. Bring an Irish Captain upon us!

Mrs. A. We're robb'd!

[*Exit.*

All. And bobb'd!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. What can they mean? What new mischief to my unhappy child?

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Pray, my pretty lad, was there e'er a young William come in here?

Mrs. Bell. I fancy you mean my son, Sir,

Capt. M. Your son! Oh, then may be, Madam, you're his mother?—a most noble presence! I vow to my honour I shou'd like to sit down by her side to a piece of roast beef. (*aside.*) Stop! (*to Peter who is removing*) suppose I partake of these people's kindness,

kindness, and save them the trouble of an invitation—Madam, will you do me the honour to take a dish of chocolate?

Mrs. Bell. Sir, have you seen my son?—What do these people intend?—I am tortur'd with the most extreme and perplexing solicitude!

Capt. M. Poor lady! Then I'll divert her sorrows with an account of my own misfortunes (*aside*).² First, Madam, it may be necessary to inform you I'm an Irishman and a foreign officer; but when I did accept a French commission, England had no share in the quarrel; for, Madam, let me be blown into chops and griskins from the mouth of a cannon, when I turn my face as an enemy against George my belov'd King, and Ireland my honour'd country!

Mrs. Bell. Well, Sir; your acquaintance with my son?

Capt. M. Oh, we fought ourselves into the strictest amity—Madam, I took a Dutch prize and he took it from me—so when my kicking and cuffing about cou'dn't save it, I jump'd overboard—

Mrs. Bell. How, Sir—

Capt. M. And to secure myself a welcome in 't'other world, I brought the brave boy, your son, along with me.

Mrs. Bell. Oh, heavens! then it is—

Capt. M. We were pick'd up together, and got to shore—our little money was soon spent—loyalty forbids my return to France.

Mrs. Bell. To what perils have I expos'd my boy!

Capt. M. My brother, Ma'am, is a Lord; no fault of his, he was born to it—not, Madam, a humpy Lord; but a real right honourable, that can row a boat and play cricket—that walks about the town in an old coat with a star tack'd to it, that the people might take off their hats and say—oh, he's a duke!

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir;—(*with anxiety*.)

Capt. M. Madam, I don't know how it was; but we cou'dn't agree, and you know that must

have been his fault, because I happen'd to marry one day—my wife had only beauty and virtue, and I spent my own little fortune in all the splendor of a younger brother; then I came away in a huff.

Mrs. Bell. Sir; will you be a friend to my son?

Capt. M. Ay, Madam; and I hope I can be a friend to him: for our family estate and title descend only in the male line; to be sure my elder brother's wife, the Lady Castle-Somers was just brought to bed; but I left Ireland in such a hurry, that I don't know this moment, whether I am an aunt or an uncle.

Enter Allbut.

All. I'll have him!

Capt. M. Sir, will you take a dish of chocolate?
(*drinks.*)

All. What! (*staring.*)

Enter Mrs. Allbut.

Capt. M. Madam, do you prefer some dry toast, or plumb-cake?

Mrs. A. We're not at all ambitious of this honour—

Mrs. Bell. The intrusion wasn't my choice.

Capt. M. Nor mine; but since they're here make free.

Mrs. A. You make very free!

All. To sup our tea.

Capt. M. Oh, you're come here to drink tea; never mind being a sham'd about it—you're heartily welcome.

Mrs. A. Can the man know that we're in our own house?

Capt. M. (*surpriz'd sets down his cup.*) Oh, you're Mrs. Allbut—then there's six-pence for your cup of chocolate, and keep the halfpenny yourself,

(*throws down money.*)

All.

All. Here's an affront! (*pockets the money.*)

Mrs. Bell. Sir, can I speak with you?—you can give me information that my son's modesty will not suffer him to discover.

Capt. M. (*bowing, takes her hand.*) Mr. Allbut, Sir, I have the honour to—(*Allbut bows*) despise you.

[*Exit leading Mrs. Bellevue.*

(*A shot heard at a distance.*

Enter Peter.

Peter. Oh, Ma'am, I fear I've done mischief—I lent a case of pistols out of the hall to Mr. Bellevue and—

All. William taken pistols—ah, true—gone after Doctor Grigsby—then I know where to find my purse—Peter—my justice wig—musn't lose my money! I'm a magistrate, and authority begins at home.

SCENE II.

Before Grigsby's House. Candles at a Window.

Enter Grigsby and Shopman.

Shop. Sir, do you think we've candles enough up?

Grig. No. I wish we had colour'd lamps—a fine transparent C. W. Mr. Willows would take that for such a high compliment—They've made a bonfire at the Rose and Crackers—since I've no pateraroës, I'll give another double shot. (*takes pistols.*)

Shop. Oh, Sir, you'll alarm the whole village!

Grig. (*Bawling*) Tom! touch 'em with turpentine, and they'll be ready to light up as soon as dark. Have I the squibs?—yes. Dam'me how I'll fling 'em about!—Landlord of the Rose won't take his wine from me, tho' I made him a present

of two decanters, sixteen to the dozen—a nice occasion to break his windows—the glazier's my customer! Now I'll go up to drink tea with my bride, and lay my vardi against Jollyboy—a few links to my palisadoes—noble blaze! (*goes in.*)

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. Let Sir Henry Check, whoever he is, wait! Business must give way to honour, William says that his rival is one of the learned professions; but whether in the law or the army I quite forget. However, my friend can't be degraded by fighting him. I must deliver my message in a decent manner—

Re-enter Grigsby.

But which is—oh, Mr. Jack Pudding!

Grig. What! Oh, I remember you.

Capt. M. Which is Grigsby's?

Grig. Sir, what do you want with Mr. Grigsby!

Capt. M. Faith I'm come to call him out.

Grig. Well, he's out already.

Capt. M. Oh, you mean he's not at home. Now here I'm making a blowing-horn of this business, and we shall have the sheriffs and beadles all about us—(*aside.*) I don't come about any quarrel.

Grig. Who cares whether you do or no—What the devil do you want with me?

Capt. M. You! Oh, this is a comical looking learned professor. (*aside.*) Then you are the gentleman?

Grig. Gentleman—he, he, he!—civil enough—but his brogue, most infernal hellebore. (*aside.*)

Capt. M. First, Sir, I'm an officer.

Grig. Custom-house! (*aside.*)—come to search? dam'me, Sir, down into my cellar—I have a few gallons of nullage among my pieces of wine, so flourish your gauging-rule—who cares for your excise scratching-irons, and measuring-gallopers.

Capt. M.

Capt. M. Softly, softly, with your scratching and galloping. I'm come from a gentleman.

Grig. (aside) Oh, an order! Sir, besides my old bottl'd, I've neat wine in the wood.

Capt. M. Wood! yes, you seem to have a sup in your head—be quiet—I am come from—

Grig. Oh, a patient!

Capt. M. My friend is—

Grig. Dropfical.

Capt. M. No! my friend is—

Grig. Feveretical.

Capt. M. No! he's—

Grig. Gout or rheumatical.

Capt. M. Not in the least; he's—

Grig. Erisypelatical.

Capt. M. No! I tell you he's—

Grig. Sanguine apoplectical.

Capt. M. (impatient.) No, no! Sir! no! he's exceedingly hurt—

Grig. Hurt! oh, a fracture in the os caries.

Capt. M. No, Sir! but—

Grig. A luxation of the os humerum.

Capt. M. No such thing, Sir! it's—

Grig. A dislocation of the membrum funerum.

Capt. M. Zounds, Sir! no, it's—

Grig. A gibbous body in the latera.

Capt. M. 'Sblood, Sir, no, no! I tell you no!—Why my friend's coming here to shoot magpies.

Grig. (aside.) Then, zounds, Sir, tell me what is his complaint, for it is impossible I can guess.

Capt. M. Sir, he does not complain about it; but you might have known that he has an affection—

Grig. Oh, a convulsive affection in the midriff—these arise from ill humours in the—

Capt. M. He's good-humour'd enough, Sir,—yet he cannot digest—

Grig. A bad digestion—I understand—alexipharmic—then, Sir, after speaking aloud, singing, running, or drinking, as we of the faculty say,

dilutifacitious liquification of swallow's-nest—he shou'd take four scruples, two drams—

Capt. M. He is a gentleman, and despises drinking drams—Sir, I don't know what you mean?

Grig. I mean, Sir, water-gruel, if his stomach's ill.

Capt. M. He has a very good stomach; so have I—water-gruel! By the smoke of all your chimnies, your pots and spits go merrily, but a man may walk about and look at the outside of your houses—

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Sir, don't talk of water-gruel.

Grig. Why true, Sir, as we of the faculty say, some prefer butter-milk—but—

Capt. M. Oh, here's a national reflection! Hark'ee, friend, talk again of potatoes and butter-milk, and—

Grig. Why, Sir, sheep's-head broth is more mucilaginous, as a lacteal lachrymoligon, with an emollient mixture of Jews-ears and pulverish'd cockle-shells—

Capt. M. Stop!—don't say another word; but tell me what you mean!

Grig. What do I mean—Album grecum—a decoction of logwood—there's expectoration for you!

Capt. M. Will you give my friend the meeting?

Grig. Certainly.

Capt. M. And will you give him satisfaction?

Grig. I flatter myself I am able to do that—I don't fear giving satisfaction to him and his whole family—I'll cure him—

Capt. M. Here comes my friend!

Grig. Abroad! here's variety!—a patient coming out without the help of an undertaker!

Enter William.

Will. This affair, end as it may, must alarm my mother. (*aside.*) Well, Captain, have you told him?—But wou'dn't a caning—(*apart.*)

Capt. M.

Capt. M. Fie, fie, to be sure he's a foul-mouth'd man; but he's ready to answer what he says.

Will. I'm asham'd to tell my friend this fellow's so despicable; yet, then he'd not think of urging a serious contention.

Grig. Why it's Willy Bellevue!—his pia mater!
—(looking at his forehead.) How d'ye do?

(shakes hands.)

Capt. M. That's right! Courage without malice—We'll all step yonder, and in five minutes time perform the operation.

Grig. Operation!—my instruments—

Capt. M. Seems a very good case in your hand.

Grig. These! ha, ha, ha! That will be one way of curing indeed!—very good—after a leaden pill, the patient cou'd never complain o' th' doctor!

Will. Trifling with this fool!—I'll see Maria and upbraid her—No! I'll insist upon an explanation from Charles— [Exit.

Capt. M. Stop, William! Come this way, and among the trees we'll—

Grig. The trees! Step into my little parlour.

Capt. M. Little parlour! Oh, you don't want to settle the affair 'cross a table—

Grig. I'll tie him in a chair.

Capt. M. Will you?

Grig. Then with my saw—

Capt. M. Saw!—Death and 'oons, if you're so desperate, have you got a second?

Grig. He's gone out for candles! Bring my razor—hem—my amputating knife!

Capt. M. Do you think we're in America going upon a scalping party! (draws a knife)—and by the Heavens I'll—(in a low tone.)

Grig. Bring my salve-box, diachylon, and tourniquet.

Capt. M. None o' your tourniquets or tomahawks.

Grig. I'll handle you as gently—The lint and bandage—I'll give you such a dressing—

Capt. M.

Capt. M. Handle me! I'll give you a dressing!
(*Beats Grigsby.*)

Grig. Help! Murder!

Enter Allbut, (in Justice-wig) with a Constable and Jollyboy.

All. Here, Constable, knock him down and take him up! [*Exit Grigsby roaring.*]
He has broke the peace! Why didn't you beat him?
—Justice! Where's William?

Capt. M. Oh, I'll have you! (*looking out.*) I've heard of your justice! (*collars Allbut.*) Listen, oppressor of the widow—plunderer of the orphan—you call for justice! As I now shake your ugly body before this blessed sun that's going down upon your head, let your villainous soul tremble at night upon your pillow, you scoundrel! [*Exit.*]

Joll. Bravo, Captain! Oh, how I should like to cross the rough ocean of life in consort with such a man of war—we'd chace affliction, take distress'd merit under our convoy, and bring it safe to the harbour of comfort.

All. What d'ye talk of, Captain—I'd keep up a fire with e'er an admiral in the navy.

Joll. Yes, in a snug parlour with a poker in your hand. Mrs. Allbut has promis'd, instead of wiping away her tears at fictitious woe, when real misery appears, she'll put her hand in her pocket—and now a word with you.

All. At church I'll sit in my pew. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Village. Enter Charles, dress'd.

Cha. I will not be accessary to Maria's certain disgrace and future happiness, by tacitly complying with her caprice; her union with this sorry fellow must not be.

Enter Sir Henry and Louisa, dress'd.

Louisa. You're very good, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir—Miss Louisa Somners. Madam—

Louisa. Oh, Sir Henry, I cou'd have introduc'd this gentleman to you. We have met before—hav'n't we, Sir?

Cha. To my infinite pleasure, Madam. (*Bows.*)

Sir H. Oh, this is very well—then, since you're already acquainted, I hope a similarity of sentiments will save me even a wish for a more tender intercourse between two such amiable persons. (*Going.*)

Louisa. Now, Sir Henry, pray don't go.

Sir H. Madam, didn't I promise to find a very unexpected friend for you?

Louisa. True—to oblige me, won't you excuse Sir Henry? (*To Charles.*)

Cha. Self-interest, Madam, when the cause leaves me with a lady I so much admire.

Sir H. (*apart to Charles.*) Follow that, Mr. Willows—niece to an Irish peer—a desirable alliance! When your sister Maria gives her hand to my nephew, our family will be very leading in both kingdoms. (*Sir Henry and Charles confer.*)

Louisa. This Mr. Bellevue's experiment to prove his friend was well enough; but his conduct to his mother and this young lady is very equivocal—leaves one in a cottage, and breaks a solemn engagement to the other. (*Aside.*)

Sir H.

Sir H. Most obedient.

[Exit.

Louisa. Sir, I wish'd for an occasion to talk to you a little, and you shall not again send me out of the way, (*mimicks.*) "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I must speak to this lady"—and the poor favour'd—this lady, soon follows me in a shower of piteous tears—don't be offended; but I must inquire—What reason had you to break off that match?

Cba. Then she has heard of my sister Maria and—(*aside.*) Madam, 'twas disproportionate—a very vulgar connection.

Louisa. (*aside.*) True; I heard she was servant to Mrs. Allbut, but I thought her a very elegant woman tho'.

Cba. Madam, she reflected a disgrace upon me; I'd wish to have conceal'd it from you; but since it's notorious, her partiality for the barber-surgeon here—

Louisa. Oh, then you're jealous of Dr. Grigsby.

Cba. Jealous, Madam!

Louisa. Now I've done that pretty well, I'll question him on his treatment to his poor mother. (*aside.*) Sir, you've acquir'd a fortune abroad—don't you blush not to take a little more notice of your honour'd parent?

Cba. Madam, I have taken every notice that obedience and duty can dictate—my honoured parent shall never want an easy chair and a cheerful bottle.

Louisa. Oh, this is a horrid man!—he'd insinuate—Sir, no aspersion can injure Mrs. Bellevue in my opinion; and I'm sorry that your conduct has turn'd it so very much against her son—but a child's protection the parent shall never miss whilst I can prove myself the friend and comforter of aged benevolence.

[Exit.

Cba. Very odd this! What can she mean—what conduct of mine cou'd change her opinion of William Bellevue?—Why angry that my old father shou'd have an easy chair and a bottle—but the
sweet

sweet character of her charity prepar'd my heart for the impression made by her beauty. As Sir Henry observes—if I cou'd obtain her with all my wealth, a respectable introduction into life is an object—but my sister and this Grigsby! no! she shall have Sir Henry's nephew—a splendid thing! her affections are alienated from William, so I don't injure him.

Enter William.

Will. Why 'tis he—so dress'd!—the report's then true of my dear Charles—I give you joy, though your motive for concealing your success from me—but answer me; do you know of your sister's change?

Cha. Ay, William! let her go—she's not worthy of such an honest fellow.

Will. Then she has your approbation of her perfidy?

Cha. (aside.) Call me to an account! this is rather building too much upon our former intimacy. I shou'd despise myself if pride of riches, or hope of more honourable alliance, cou'd warp my heart from an old friend—yet—look'ye, Sir—

Will. Sir!

Cha. Your marrying my sister is now out of sight; but to atone for her perfidy, as you indeed justly call it, and in consideration of our former acquaintance—

Will. Acquaintance! (*much hurt.*)

Cha. Whatever pecuniary embarrassments you may labour under, if the sum you'll find here is not sufficient to extricate you, you may command—

(*gives a small pocket-book.*)

Will. Sir, I thank you—for—your—bounty—my heart will burst—(*aside.*) your humane—feelings—for—my abject poverty—

(*with great emotion flings down the pocket-book.*)

Enter

Enter Mrs. Bellevue, agitated.

Madam, I have lost my Maria!

Mrs. Bell. Then Charles retaliates upon you my former endeavours to separate you from his sister—unkind at such a time! but what I've just heard is a treasure of triumph!—Sir, was not the vessel that brought your wealth to Europe captur'd at sea?—And but for the intrepidity of one brave young man, might you not, at this moment, be as much the wretched object of scorn, as you now *suppose* my son?—Behold the preserver of your fortune!

Cha. Was William the seaman that—*(astonished.)*

Mrs. Bell. He was. My gallant son! who forgot he had a life to lose, when call'd by honour, and impell'd by duty—

Will. The owner of Captain Vanstaufen's cargo!
(surpriz'd.)

Cha. My friend! The companion of my youth!—I've pierc'd the heart that loves me—I see, now, pride did bias me when I—my generous benefactor too!—that gave me his last shilling! *(Aside.)*

Enter Sir Henry Check.

Sir H. Now, Sir, where is your sister?—Give me leave to introduce my nephew—

Cha. I know nothing about your nephew, Sir Henry.

Enter Maria.

Here, sister, take your William; and if ever I hear a word of your infernal Doctor Grigsby; I'll cut his throat.

Enter Grigsby.

Grig. Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient—brother, your's—how d'ye, Widow? Your most

most humble Gally Pot—I'm just coming from the most pleasing adventure—a certain officer was misfortunate enough to fall into my hands—he! he! he! affronted me! but dem'me I sick'n'd him of such aquatic frolics—my little cane here emancipated the pulveriz'd ligaments of his cinabar lobster-shell—I switch'd him—I knock'd—

Capt. M. (without.) I'll catch you, you rascal; where is the dog?

Grig. Some gentleman lost his dog—hey, Pompey—Pompey—*(whistles and runs about.)*

Enter Captain Mullinahack.

Capt. M. I'll beat you as black—

Grig. A black dog—a pretty dog. *(Whistles.)*

Capt. M. Oh, you're there

Grig. Where Pompey—poor, low. *(Whistles.)*

Capt. M. I'll razor and tomahawk you; you rascal, I ask'd for a second, and he said he was gone to buy candles!

Grig. I take shelter in your arms—oh! my love!

(Runs to Maria—William pushes him back.)

Capt. M. Depart! or by the powers!—

Grig. Depart? Oh, by the powers of med'cine, I'll make some of you depart!—lost my wife—I'll—

Capt. M. You'll what?

Grig. Squibs and aquæ fortis! *(Enter Louisa.)*
Want your change—hav'n't so much in the till—
send you a pound of bees wax—a fine crocodile.

(Runs off.)

Maria. Dear William!—brother!—why suppose I cou'd think of such a wretch?

Cha. Then our errors all proceeded from his absurd vanity.

Sir H. Here, Madam, is the friend I promis'd—
(pointing to the Captain.)

Capt. M. Eh! *(looking.)*

Louisa.

Louisa. Heav'ns! Do my eyes deceive me, or—
it is—

Capt. M. Louisa!

Louisa. My father!

Capt. M. Ladies and gentlemen, won't you wish me joy? Why this is my cherub! my darling! that follow'd me to France and back again—flying after me through all my wars like a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth.

Louisa. Dear father, by letters, thro' the medium of Sir Henry, my uncle acknowledges his unkindness; and intreats you to return in the most cordial terms of affection.

Capt. M. This morning I walk'd about here, and did n't know where to break my fast.—If he gives me a bit of an estate, I'll build such a country house! the sign, my family arms, and my motto—walk in and eat, all that want a dinner! Ah, child! there's only one thing more you cou'd do, to make me happier—here's the neat boy, that cut and flash'd your dear Father about—that stood upon the deck, shaking the bullets out of his hair like a mermaid.—With your leave, Madam; (*to Mrs. Bellevue.*) Louisa, take from my hand William Bellevue.

(*Louisa looks surpriz'd at the Captain and Charles.*)

Cha. Nay, William, this will be punishment, if you reject my sister, and rob me of happiness for ever.

Louisa. Ha, ha, ha! I see it! Oh, what a ridiculous mistake have I been under!

Cha. Then, Madam, you suppos'd that my name was Bellevue. (*To Louisa.*)

Capt. M. Sir, might I aspire to render myself acceptable to your charming daughter?

Will. My honour'd mother! My dear Charles!—Here, first set his lordship an example.

[*To Maria.*

Toll.

Joll. (*without*) Come along!—don't be ashamed of some good, by way of variety!—

Enter Jollyboy and Allbut, in Apron and Sleeves, with a Box.

Give them! Madam, there are all your papers.

Mrs. Bell. Who are you? (*to Allbut.*)

Joll. Your clerk.

Capt. M. What! the great justice o' peace!

All. Ay, honest little Jack Allbut.

Capt. M. Oh! little honest Jack Allbut.

Joll. He restores your house, and all your's—his ill-got possessions.

All. Ay, I'm a man of conscience, I despise wronging the widow and the orphan, because I don't like to go to law—with a long claw.

Louisa. So, my worthy landlord, when people owe you money, you make them pay you in your own coin—but Margery taught me to thank you for your ten pounds.

Maria. And me to retract my ill opinion of a good man.

Cha. My dear William, by a look back to our past adventures, you'll enjoy the recollection that you have borne unmerited adversity—and I, whilst my pride in undeserved prosperity is punished, shall be taught by my reception here, that when distress presents itself before me, the bitterest drop in the cup of human misery is, the world's contempt.

Mrs. Bell. Thus you'll deserve your wealth—and when inspir'd by Heav'n to dispense the blessings it has sent you alone for that benign purpose, wait not for the application of modest indigence—seek her in her sad retreat, cheer her with your smiles, wipe away her tears, comfort and relieve her.

Will.

Will. Charles, begin your acts of benevolence by shewing your gratitude to this worthy man,

(*pointing to Foll.*)

Foll. Thank you, Madam. But as the wind sometimes diverts itself by playing in the sails of my mill, and people will obstinately persist in this odd whim of eating bread, I think I may do pretty well as I am. Ay, we may see the world in our village! But a fig for the world—Let industry secure independence; and if wealth or poverty will come, let the rich man be proud only of his power to be the poor man's friend.

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

Written and spoken by Mrs. ESTEN.

THE World in a Village!—Lord help the silly
man!

Where could he stumble on such an old fashion'd
plan!

Here's a fine Lady for me, exhausting her store
In discharging of debts and relieving the poor;
And, instead among Bucks of making a racket,
Falls in love with a swain, oh, faugh! in a jacket.
The Lover too, rich, young, without one tonish
vice—

No racing, no betting, no intriguing, no dice.
The World in a Village!—I declare I'd as soon
Expect natural traits from a World in the Moon.
Well, if they give me such parts, I'll so it manage,
Commence an Authorefs myself, and write for the
Stage.

The World in a Village! 'tis the World in a Town—
That's your fort, that's the go, and, 'faith, I'll write
'em down.

Give to the Poor!

'Tis what Ladies in high life can't afford to do,
They have Dress, Equipage, Balls, Concerts,
Pharo, Loo,
Debts, Duns, and Fees for every secret Billet-
doux.

Lady Fanny Dawdle, just risen from her down bed,
In the hard task of nicely blending white and red,

Glancing

Glancing her languid eyes from the dear glass a minute,

Cries, "Betty, unfold that paper,—see what's in it".

"Yes, my Lady :

"It's a petition, Mem, from a poor soldier's wife,

"Laying in of twins, Mem, just as he lost his life!"—

"Bless me, Betty, this freckle spoils every feature ;

"I'm vastly sorry I can't serve the poor creature :

"I've too much feeling for an income so small—

"Don't forget Lady Froth's ticket for my grand Ball."

Then the men, oh, they are precious niddy noddies,
With their throats tied up, false calves, and taper
bodies :

Pert men at seventeen, insolvents at twenty ;

At twenty-five, invalids—old men at thirty.—

Here's dashing Dick Squanders the great Nabob's
rich heir,

With cash at his banker's, and ten thousand a year,

Would he his associates of fashion disgrace—

By rememb'ring a friend with a sorrowful face ?

No, demme, not he, he's up to all that there gig—

Know a poor friend!—Oh, curse it, that's a pretty
rig.

But one likeness, I own, is successfully taken,

A likeness so strong, it cannot be mistaken ;

In the true British sailor how often we meet

Generosity's home—Liberality's seat !

Who, tho' hardy, humane ; if improvident, just ;

Ever constant in love, ever true to his trust ;

Who invites the unhappy to share in his mess,

Who ne'er turn'd his back on a friend in distress ;

Who, 'midst danger and death, will courageously
sing,

May our arms be victorious, and long live the
King !



